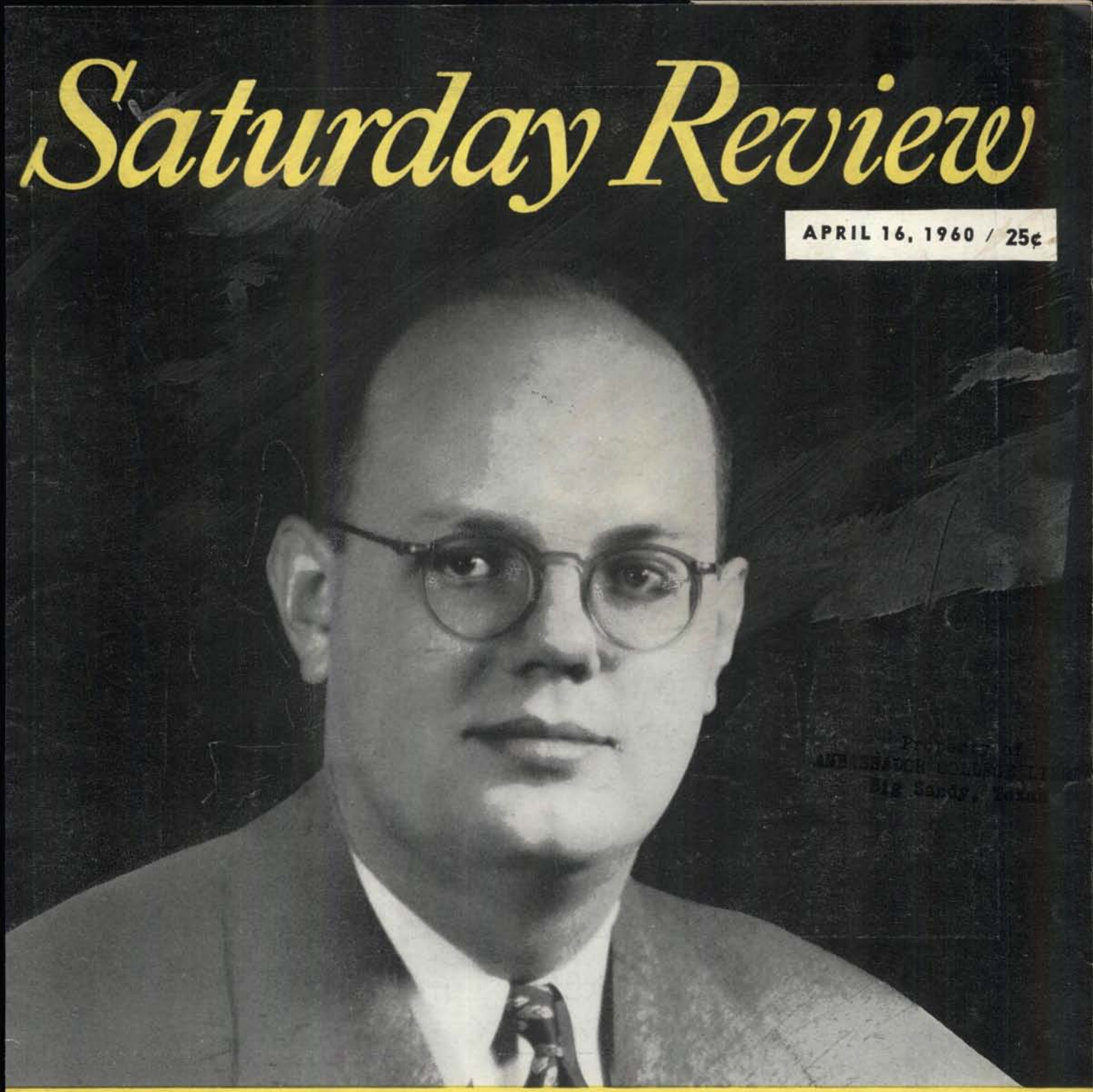
Saturday Review

APRIL 16, 1960 / 25¢



James F. Beard, author of "The Letters and Journals of James Fenimore Cooper." (SEE BOOKS)

TV AND THE CANDIDATE By Sig Mickelson

WHEN IS BUSINESS TOO BIG? By M. J. Ra

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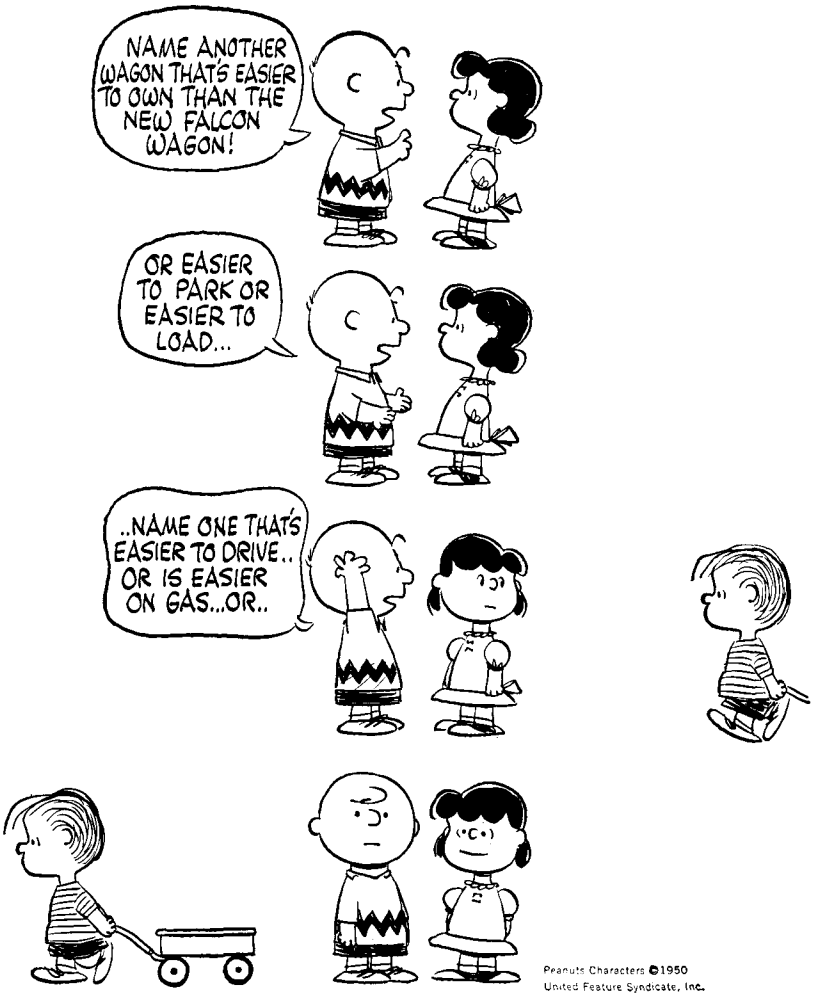
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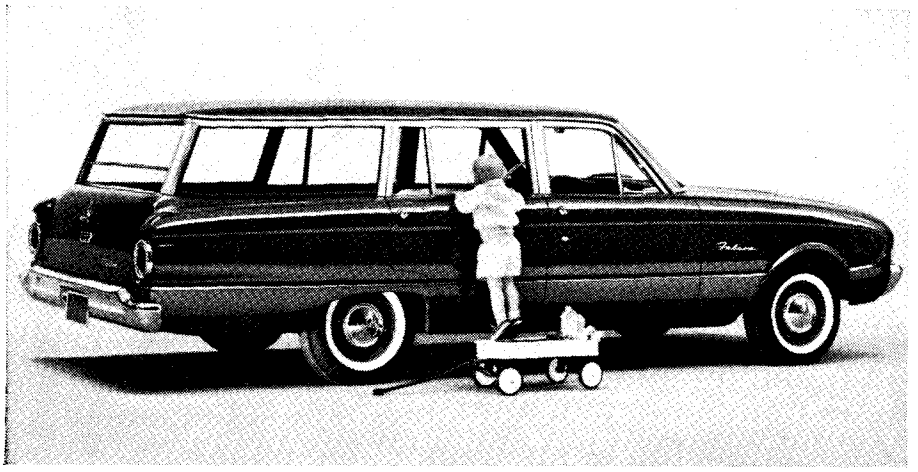

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Saturday Review

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TRADE Winds

ATTENTION, Scott, Foresman, Chicago publishers! Please help Mrs. Jeanne Manning, teacher at an elementary school in West Stafford, Connecticut. She and her youngsters are particularly fond of your "Third Grade Think and Do Book for Streets and Roads." They like the way they can do a lesson and then tear the page out and go to the next.

But that true-and-false quiz on page 10, where the statement "Chipmunks can sing songs" may be found! Mrs. Manning's kids all marked it true, and you say it is false. Listen, Scott, Foresman, have you tried lately to tell a class of third-graders that chipmunks can't sing? Haven't you heard "The Chipmunk Song"? Who do you think sings that—a group of abominable snowmen? Do you know there are about 40,000,000 records extant on which chipmunks are singing? You mean you don't know about Alvin?

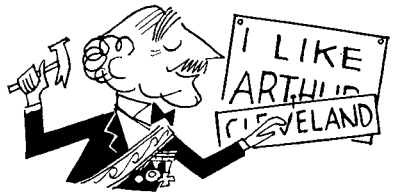
Well, Mrs. Manning had a rough go of it in West Stafford, and she hopes you will eliminate any mention of chipmunks from subsequent editions of the "Third Grade Think and Do Book for Streets and Roads." Thank you.

IT IS RATHER saddening to realize that Washington, D. C., is filled to bursting with journalists but that few of them seem to turn up anything that can be called legitimate human interest. My impression of the city is one of huge figures moving around on a grand scale, involved in some tremendous story in which there is no plot or dialogue.

That's why I was overjoyed to read a new book called "Carp's Washington" (McGraw-Hill). It's merely a collection of newspaper columns written in the 1880s by Frank Carpenter, Washington correspondent for the *Cleveland Leader*. What a refreshing, lively coverage of the post-Civil War era it is! It gives a picture of the nation's capital in terms of parties, ordinary scandal, and what somebody said to somebody else. In other words, it tells about people, and in such a way that you know what's going on. Oddly enough, Carp's columns are timely.

So for you news-starved wretches who want to find out something about that city, you can start with Frank Carpenter, and wish there were more like him today.

CARPENTER REPORTS that once every season there is a reception at the White House for Senators and Representatives. Usually, handsome cards of invitation are sent out for such an occasion. Once a different procedure was attempted. In place of such cards, an announcement was printed in the newspapers of Washington, extending President Cleveland's invitation to the members of Congress. The wife of one Eastern Congressman, when she was presented to the President that evening, said, "Well, Mr. President, you advertised for me, and here I am."



THE RETIRED OFFICERS of the Army and Navy forces are always in great demand, Carp reports. One of the old standbys is General Van Vliet, who can be found at every reception and at nearly every big dinner. Carp tells how General Sherman, also a constant dinner-goer, one night forgot where he was scheduled to dine. Seeing Van Vliet going by in full dress, Sherman decided to follow him, being sure that the general would lead him to the right party. Sherman was not disappointed.

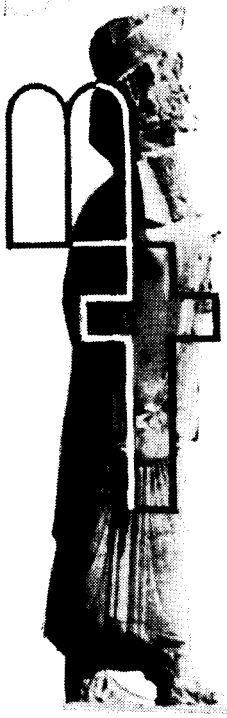
Another story about Van Vliet is that he was such a strong Republican in Arthur's administration that Carpenter is surprised to find him thick as thieves with the Democrats during the following one. The day after Cleveland was inaugurated, the general called at the White House to tell Colonel Lamont how he and the President should conduct the administration's social program. After he had finished speaking, one of the other visitors spoke up.

"And pray, how long have you been a Democrat, General?" he asked, smiling.

"Since yesterday noon," was the old gentleman's unruffled reply.

THE PUBLISHERS OF "Fodor's Guide to the Caribbean, Bahamas and Bermuda 1960" have been suggesting for quite a while that I mention the latest book by this travel expert. I must admit it is a nifty book, full of all sorts of wry and helpful comments about those places, such as this one concern-

from Bobbs-Merrill



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some victuals, a volume by *Kapitan Mine Rid* in lieu of a guidebook through America, and a large kitchen knife that was to serve me as a provisional weapon until I had acquired a *tomagavk*. I called myself *Blyednolitsy Misha*—Paleface Misha. I did not get to America then. It took a world war and two revolutions to catapult Paleface Misha into this country.

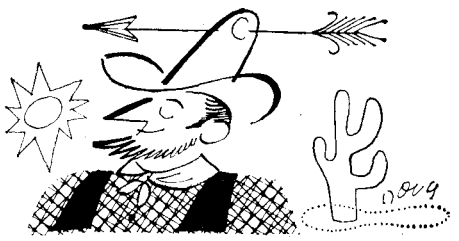
I consider myself duty-bound to introduce *Kapitan Mine Rid* to the American public. I owe it to my adopted country. Inasmuch as all *Mine Rid*'s remarkable novels bear an uncanny resemblance to each other, I shall simply outline their general plot.

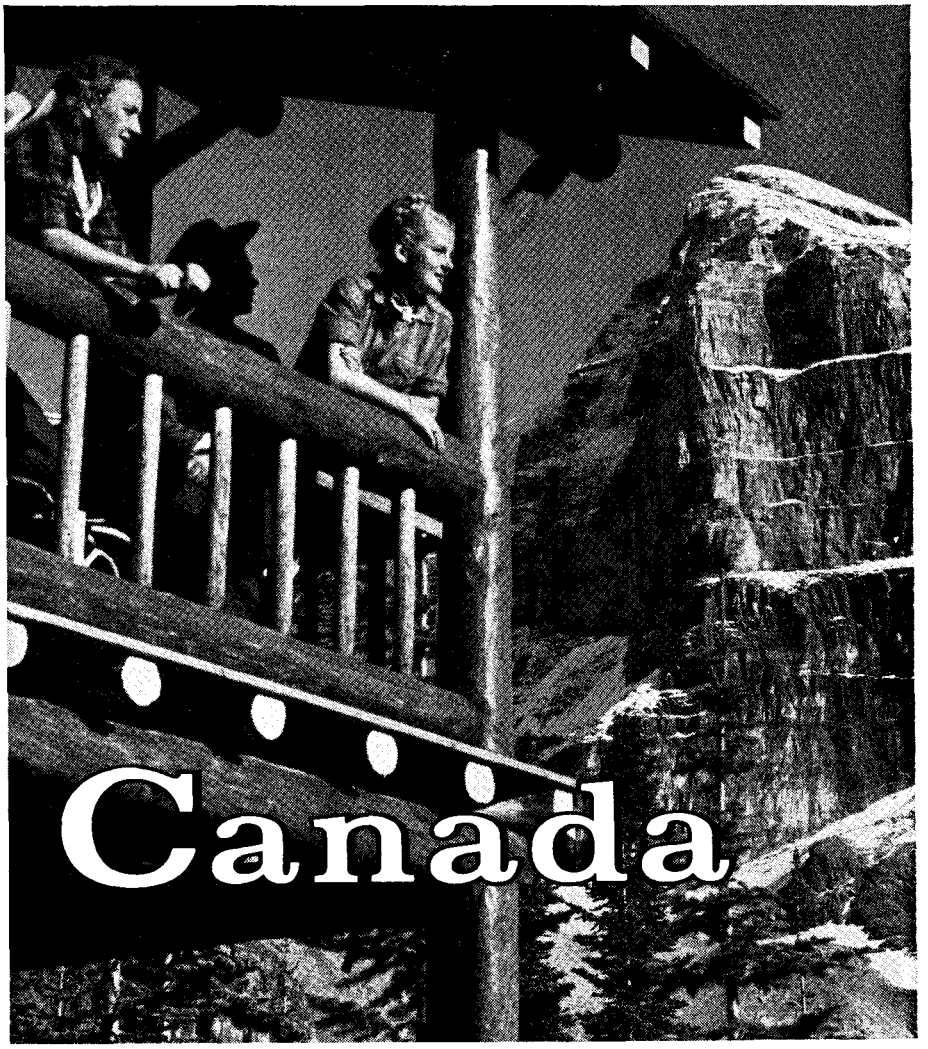
Somewhere in the State of *Tekhas* there stands a *gatsienda*. It belongs to the *kreolka* Josephine Larouche, who is beautiful, young, and wealthy. Her father, who moved to *Tekhas* from *Looisiana* after the death of his beloved wife, is dead. He died under mysterious circumstances in the third paragraph of the first chapter. There are in the *gatsienda*, besides Josephine, her *dooenya* Donna Anna, a garrulous woman with a heart of gold, and Josephine's second cousin Julien, a repulsive fellow, swarthy, vicious, envious, a schemer and troublemaker. He wants to marry Josephine and get her fortune.

A young handsome Irishman, *Jems O'Khara*, known as an excellent catcher of *mustangi*, lives in the neighborhood of the *gatsienda*. Josephine and *Jems* meet accidentally when she falls off her horse while he happens to ride by. They fall in love with each other, whereupon Julien conceives a dastardly plot to kill the Indian Chief *Khrabry Oryol*—Brave Eagle—and have *Jems* lynched as the murderer. The faithful Donna Anna overhears a conversation and informs *Jems* about the plot. *Jems* rides to the Chief's *vigvam*, gets there in the nick of time, saves *Khrabry Oryol* from the assassins, and slays the plotter. *Khrabry Oryol* and *Jems* smoke the *trubka mira*. All the Indians and the *kovboyi* cheer *Jems O'Khara*. Shortly afterwards Josephine and *Jems* are married by the kindly priest *Father Miakhos*, whom I forgot to mention, whereupon, accompanied by Donna Anna, the newlyweds depart for Ireland on a well-deserved honeymoon.

A thrilling story, isn't it?

—M. K. Argus.





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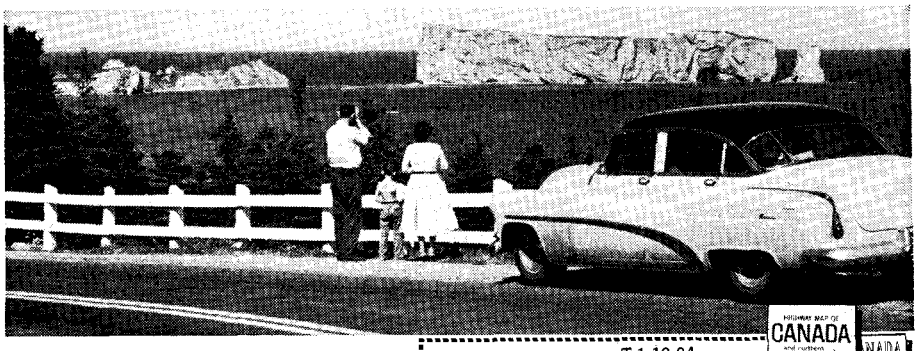

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Paleface Misha

Edited by Martin Levin

THANKSGIVING FOR FPA

TURNING the pages
Of one of Mr. U's numerous anthologies,
I came on him again,—
Among the solemn ecstasies and agonies,
His verses crackling like grass in a dry field.

And I remembered him, years back:
At his desk—in the *World*, in the *Trib.*,—
Sleeves rolled to the elbow,
Collar open, tie hanging loose,
Committing wit
To copy-paper, to linotype, to newsprint,
To the breakfast tables of the nation,
Where bankers and brokers erected it
Between them and their wives
(Who, after all, could not be a new edition each morning);
Where college boys, in commons,
Tossed it back and forth in shouts
Across the coffee cups,
While Euclid waited and Aristotle slept.—
Though Horace and Catullus and Propertius,
Traveling the road from Rome,
Survived the iron intestines of the Mergenthaler,
To sound themselves again in English verse.

There was an interim,
The age of no Conning Tower,
The dark age. . . .

Till Information Please,
On the air, on the screen;
And This Man Adams,
Plopped down behind a microphone.
Looking like D. H. Lawrence's "Kangaroo":
"Like a liquid drop that is heavy
"And just touched earth,
"All her weight dripping sackwise down";
And the wit crackling again,
And America listening and laughing.

And this was the morning and the evening of the forty years.

And I bethought me of the college boys
Of forty years ago,
Now bankers and brokers, laughing again;
And of the bankers and brokers
Of forty years ago,
Now gone to tell a tale to the shade of Horace,
Of America, reading,
America, listening.

And I wrote this Homage,
Out of a wish that he
Might hear America thanking
FPA.

—DAVID MORTON.

(From William Rose Benét's "Phoenix Nest," November 20, 1948)

• • •

THE GREAT KAPITAN MINE RID

I HAVE a bone to pick with you Americans. I am surprised at the callous indifference with which you treat your own great writers. It is a well-known fact that we Russians have made Mark Twain popular in this country and have tried, not yet successfully, to introduce to the Americans the great American writer Jack London. And you don't know a thing about another giant of American literature, Captain Mayne Reid, or as we Russians call him—*Kapitan Mine Rid.*

No one, not even your *Fenyimor Kuper*, could hold a candle to *Mine Rid*. I read him as a child, as an adolescent, as a young man, and am rereading him now in a fine edition of brand new translations just published in Moscow.

Your ignorance of *Mine Rid* is appalling. Even your librarians, who ought to know, do not know him. Although *Kapitan Mine Rid* was not, strictly speaking, an American, he wrote about the American Southwest and he served with the American forces in the Mexican War. He fought with distinction and was promoted to the rank of Captain. He was an Englishman born in Dublin in 1818, came to the United States in 1840, and was the author of such superb novels as "The Scalp Hunters," "The White Chief," "The Headless Rider," "The Rifle Rangers."

It was under the influence of *Kapitan Mine Rid* that I, at the age of nine, decided to flee my own country, go to America, and perish trying to save a beautiful Texan *kreolka* from Indian arrows. I stole out of my house with

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An original teleplay, "Little Moon of Alban," by James Costigan was one of the most successful in the Hallmark Hall of Fame Series—winning Emmy Awards for its writer, director, and two stars.

The purpose of the Hallmark Fund for Television Drama is to encourage the creation of important original television plays.

You are invited to enter this new teleplay writing competition—to write for the millions of discerning people who look forward to viewing outstanding entertainment.

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Contest closes Sept. 1, 1960.

For complete details and official entry form write to: The Hallmark Fund

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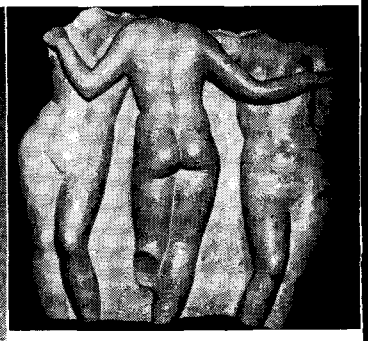
AL-5—Bodhisattva in Meditation. 386-534 A.D. Chinese. The Albright Gallery. Original: stone. Ht.: 23". **$25.00** (express collect).

AD-1—Praying Hands by Helen Liedloff from Dürer painting. Original: bronze. Ht.: 10½". **$37.50.** (Shipped express collect.)

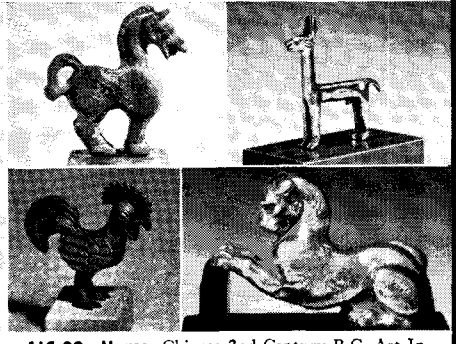


V-30—Bronze Nude. Virginia Morris Pollack. American. Private collection. Ht.: 16¼". **$25.00** (packing $1.00, shipped express collect).

FM-23—The Three Graces—1st Century B.C. The Louvre. Original: marble. Ht.: 16" x 15½" wide. **$17.50** (shipped express collect).

C-23 A—Walking Lion. Antoine L. Barye (1796-1875) French. Original: bronze. Ht.: 6¼". **$12.50** (shipping and insurance $1.50).

VO-1 — Abraham Lincoln. Leonard W. Volk. American. (1828-95). Private collection. Ht.: 13". **$17.50** (add $2.50 for packing, shipping, insurance).



AIC-20—Horse. Chinese 2nd Century B.C. Art Institute, Chicago. Ht.: 3". **$3.00** (60¢ shipping, ins.).

NH-65 ST—Silver Llama. Peru 1200-1532. Museum of Natural History. Silver Plated. Ht.: 2¼". **$2.75** (shipping, insurance 60¢).

DO-2—Rooster. Syrian 6th Century. Dumbarton Oaks Library. Original: bronze. Ht.: 3". **$2.75** (add 60¢ shipping, insurance).

PR-1—Panther. 2nd Cent. B.C. Persia. Princeton University. Original: silver. Ht.: 2¼". **$5.00** (shipping, insurance 60¢).

FM-3—Cat. 600-300 B.C. Egyptian. The Louvre. Original: bronze. Ht.: 15½". **$27.50** (shipped express collect).

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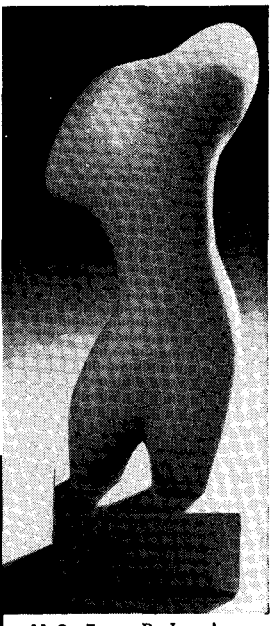
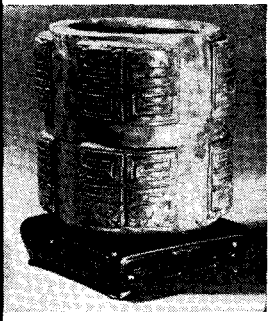


JA-2—Torso. By Jean Arp, French. Original: marble. Ht.: 12½". **$35.00** (express collect).

LC-1—Head of Albert Schweitzer. By Leo Cherne, American Contemp. 1955. Smithsonian Institution. Original: bronze. Ht.: 13½", **$17.50** ($1.50 shipping, insurance).

FM-4—Scribe Reading. 1292-1205 B.C. Egyptian. The Louvre. Original: slate. Ht.: 6". **$6.25** each (shipping, insurance 75¢).



NH-33—Jade Vase. 202 B.C.-220 A.D. Chinese. Museum of Natural History. Ht.: 6½", **$15.00** ($1.50 shipping, ins.).

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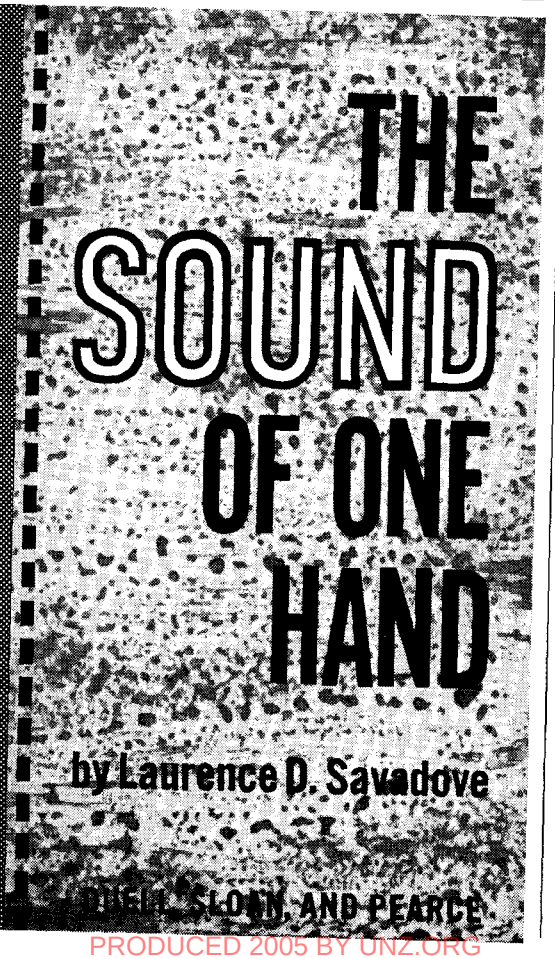
"THE BEST NOVEL ABOUT JAPAN I HAVE EVER READ... OUT MICHENERS MICHENER ONE HUNDRED FOLD."

Faubion Bowers
N.Y. TIMES



ing the rediscovery of the Virgin Islands:

"Pre-beatniks arrived on these silver shores, followed by exurbanite ulcer cases, refugees from New England country clubs, and a liberal sprinkling of the intermediate sex. The last group has already migrated. . . . The country club set has stayed on, content with their idyllic combination of slowed-down activity and stepped-up American plumbing. . . . As for the beatniks, you'd never recognize them. They are keeping shops, running hotels, discovering the charms of double entry bookkeeping, and behaving like perfect squares. The Philistines have won the battle for normalcy, hands down."

A YOUNG FELLOW from Mansfield, Ohio, is about to make a decision. He is thirty-five-year-old Lee Adams, who with Charles Strouse has written the songs for "Bye Bye Birdie." From all reports this musical is going to make these composers, as well as everybody else connected with it, famous and probably rich.

The trouble is that Lee Adams has a job. He is an editor on *This Week* magazine. He has been absent for four hectic weeks while he followed "Birdie" around on its out-of-town openings and now its Broadway premiere. But the time has come when he must make up his mind about his future. Does he want to be an Oscar Hammerstein or a DeWitt Wallace?

Adams wrote lyrics at Ohio State as a hobby, and yet when he landed on the Big Apple in 1949 he went through the Columbia School of Journalism. He

met Strouse the following year and since then he has been writing pop songs, special night club material, radio scripts, and summer resort revues.

Since 1958, when he found himself married, Adams has had what is known as "a steady job" at *This Week*. Off duty, he and Strouse have been working on the fifty-five musical numbers they had to create before the producers found the sixteen they liked best for "Bye Bye Birdie." On duty, Adams helps nonfiction writers turn out stuff for the Sunday supplement. But if the show's a great hit, I don't see how he's ever going to get that moon-June business out of his head.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: One of the saddest sights I've seen in a long time was a television program where they

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showed Emperor Haile Selassie speaking before the League of Nations and asking for help against the Italian invasion. From the look on his face I think he didn't expect to get it—and, of course, the League didn't disappoint him.

► They are just getting around to showing the motion picture "South Pacific" in South Africa, because there was a little fixing to be done with the sections in the plot which were not suitable for South Africans. An American lieutenant, you'll recall, has an affair with an island girl who isn't quite white. And an American nurse loves a French planter who had two colored orphans by a Polynesian wife. Ugh! Some plot. So the censors figured it out: They cut out the two love stories and the movie is okay.

► "Abraham Lincoln Goes to New York" (Coward-McCann) is a story I liked. This short book starts out with Lincoln appearing in the big city like Frank Merriwell on his first day at Yale. Awkward, dressed like a hick, and the subject of some rude thoughts on the part of the slickers, Lincoln "looked queer and provincial." But Abe takes New York as Frank took Yale, triumphantly, and Andrew A. Freeman's book is an exciting account of Lincoln's four days in the big city in 1860.

► Our doctor charges $7 for a house call; our appliance repair man, $7.50.

► Hal Boyle tells the true story of a nineteen-year-old girl who was accused of being an accessory in a bank robbery. When FBI agents questioned her, she strenuously denied any knowledge of the crime. She was told her bail would be $5,000, and agents asked her where she could raise such a sum. "Well," she said, "I guess I could rob another bank." There was a sudden silence, which the girl broke by observing ruefully: "Oops, I shouldn't have said 'another,' should I?"

► A young boy, on being chastised by his father, was heard to mutter as he walked away, "I think I'll say damn!" —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

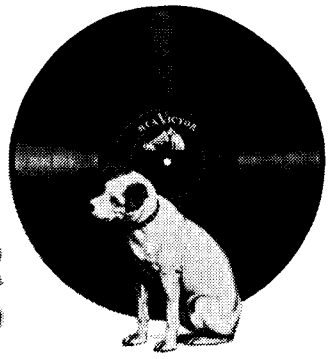
Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1359)

Robert E. Lee:

FAREWELL TO THE ARMY

(Gen. Order No. 9, Appomattox, Apr. 9, 1865; sugg. by Mrs. Martin Sokolow)

But feeling that valour and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice . . . I bid you an affectionate farewell.



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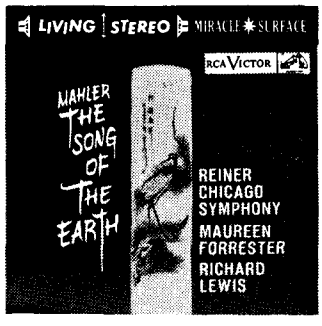

A landmark of 1960's Mahler centennial is Fritz Reiner's recording of "Song of the Earth." The phenomenal response accorded Reiner's concert readings of the work has set off a groundswell of anticipation for this historic album. The magnificent soloists: Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis.

The so-called "three big K's" of Soviet music are united in this utterly captivating album. Kondrashin, who first impressed U.S. audiences in the Van Cliburn homecoming concerts, again displays limitless musicianship and vitality in these vivid works by Khachaturian and Kabalevsky.

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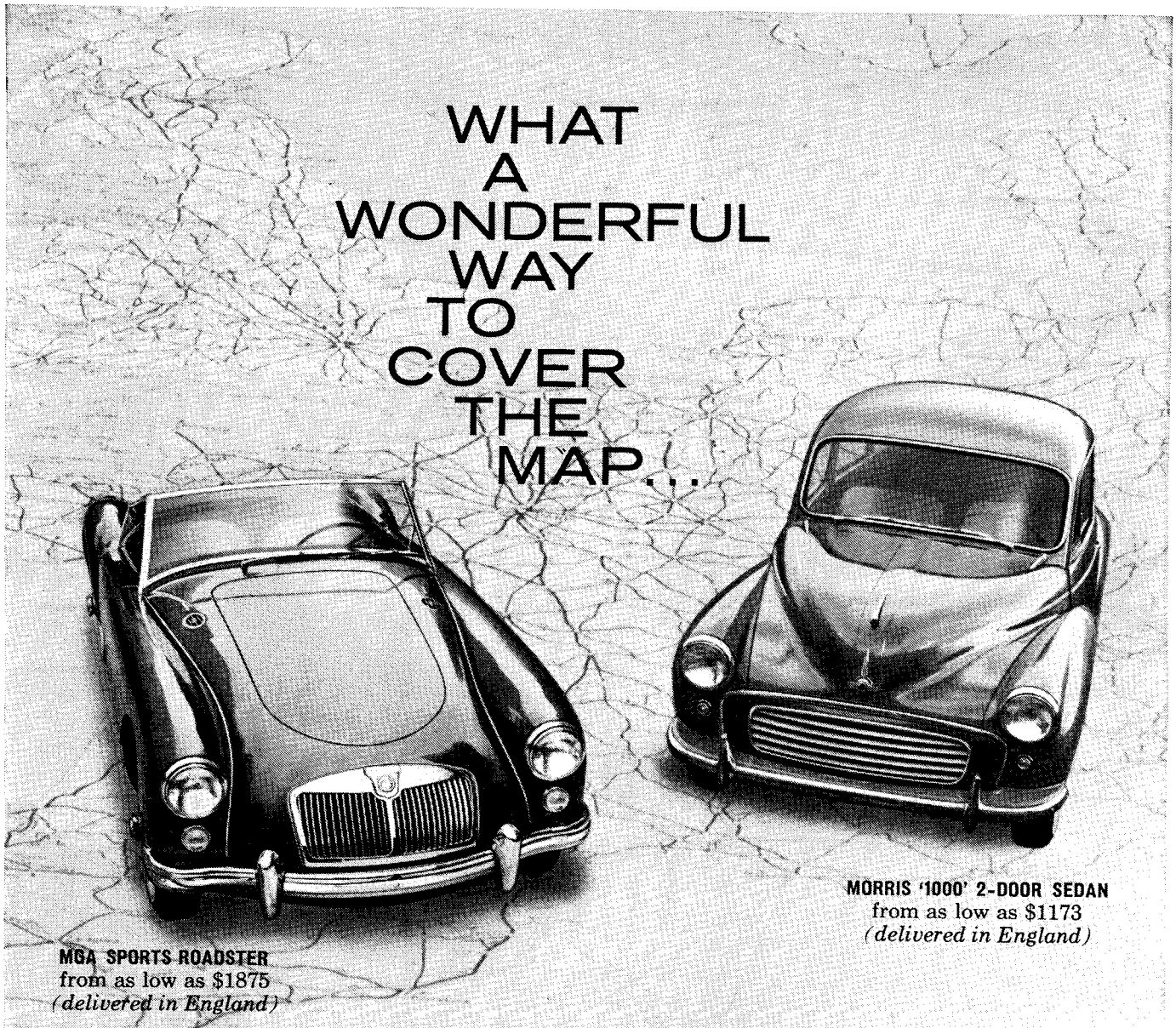

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Saturday Review
APRIL 16, 1960

TV AND THE CANDIDATE

By SIG MICKELSON, *president of CBS News. The following article will appear in the book "Politics U.S.A.," edited by James Cannon, to be published in June by Doubleday.*

THE LIVING ROOM has become America's political battlefield. Seated in front of a screen in 87 per cent of America's homes are tens of millions of voters, meeting candidates and officeholders face to face, getting to know them better than at any other time in our nation's history.

Television has brought about the most radical revolution in the history of politics. It has made a near-reality of what was once a politician's idle dream of omnipresence, of being seen and heard by everyone at the same time. In less than ten years television moved from novelty to the most basic necessity as the major factor in political life. Political conventions are planned for the eye of the camera rather than for that of the on-the-scene audience. The purchasing of air time and the seeking of exposures on news and discussion programs have become a most important political activity. The very choice of candidates is dominated by an estimate of their "television personality."

Gone is the windy orator, the silver-throated spellbinder, projecting his rhetoric into the second balcony of a giant auditorium. Today's candidate is a guest in the voter's home, and behaves as such. As a result, political campaigning has become more intimate and personal than even in the early years of our history.

Following the political campaigns of 1952, there were enthusiastic conclusions regarding the new impact of television on national elections. For example, assumptions were made that candidates in the future would be made or broken by the power of the electronic eye; that no candidate could win unless he was able to master the techniques of television; that the unattractive candidate was doomed to defeat. In these naïve discussions during this primitive period in television's history, it was generally thought television was the new miracle worker that, from that time on, would govern America's political processes.

Now we are not so sure. Since 1952 we have gone through one more set of political conventions, another Presidential election, and two Congressional elections. In addition we have had an opportunity, for the first time in history, to observe the influence of television on a political campaign outside the United States—the British election of 1959.

IN the meantime some of the bright young stars of the televised conventions of 1952 have sunk into oblivion, while some of the party figures for whom nothing but disaster was predicted on the basis of their 1952 performances are still doing business at the same old stand with their political strength unimpaired, if not—in some cases—increased.

All of this leads to some introspection concerning the real impact of television on our political life.

There is no denying that there are many spectacular examples of the kind

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of influence television can bring to bear on political campaigns. In the spring and summer of 1952, Adlai E. Stevenson, then relatively unknown on the national scene, became a familiar figure in just a few weeks through the power of television. In October of that year Richard Nixon brought about what seemed to be an amazing reversal of his political fortunes with his celebrated "Checkers" speech on television. Earlier, in 1951, Senator Estes Kefauver became nationally known through the televised hearings of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee. It is possible, also, that if the television eye had not been focused on the credentials committee at the 1952 Republican National Convention, Senator Taft might have been nominated rather than General Eisenhower.

There is no denying, also, that television has changed the course of campaigns. But the change has been one in tactics. The help of television has been available to all sides, thus tending to cancel out any marked advantages to any one party. When you come to consider the effect that television has had on campaigns in terms of actual results at the polls, I am prepared to state something that many may consider rather startling—namely, that I feel television has done little to change the actual course of elections. By and large, people seem to be voting just about the same way they did in the pre-television era. It seems entirely possible that President Eisenhower would have defeated Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and 1956 by approximately the same margins with or without television. It is quite possible that the Democrats would have won control of Congress in 1954 and held it through three sessions even if there had been no electronic cameras in their campaign plans.

THE impact of television on America's political life has come through its effect not on the *voter*, but rather on the *citizen*. It has brought about an infinite broadening of public participation in our democratic processes. It has given all Americans a clearer understanding of trends and issues. It has given them a personal acquaintance with their leaders and with those who aspire to leadership. It has increased the degree of independent thinking and has decreased the influence of the party. It has resulted in balloting based more on reason that on emotion.

The most obvious index of this increased public participation is the fact that the percentages of voter turnout in 1952 and 1956, the first two Presidential campaigns covered intensively by television, were the highest in history, even though President Eisenhower's re-election in 1956 was a virtual certainty. There are other indices also. The percentage of "don't know" responses in pre-election opinion polls is increasing, indicating that voters are less inclined to jump to easy conclusions. There is also an increasing tendency to split tickets, and a larger independent vote that looks to personalities and issues rather than to parties.

Television's enormous effect on the nation's political life stems from its role as a communications medium delivering information, ideas, and issues personally, swiftly, and dramatically to an overwhelming majority of Americans. It is also significant that this is a contact with the public which is not limited to political campaigns. It is a continuing process—election years and off years alike. It is a contact which is

not limited to political subjects or appearances by candidates, but which ranges through all of the broad issues about which the electorate must be informed.

For instance, no candidate for national office, Presidential or Congressional, could possibly skirt the issue of East-West relations in the 1960 campaign. During the month of September, 1959, millions of Americans were able to spend hours watching Nikita Khrushchev on his thirteen-day whirlwind tour of the United States. Surely this face-to-face contact with one of the two most powerful men on earth must have given Americans a clearer picture of the man who has sworn that the Communist world will engulf the free world, and thus a clearer picture of what is at stake in the East-West struggle.

It is of the greatest importance to recognize that the decision of the voter in the polling booth on election day is not conditioned solely by what he sees or hears during the specific election campaign; his decision most likely is based on his whole intellectual environment—what he has read, seen, and heard over a long period of time. Television has made enormous contributions toward creating a more knowledgeable and more sophisticated voter. When programmed wisely, it has aided substantially in clarifying issues, dramatizing controversy, and making personality more understandable.

THE too general tendency on the part of candidates, their managers, and even the general public is to overlook the fact that the general climate built up during the off-campaign period is probably just as important as the election-year performances. One can assume that major candidates will get substantial exposure during political campaigning. But it has become increasingly plain that this exposure will have less effect than the whole informational spectrum provided by television, radio, newspapers, magazines and—for that matter—conversation.

It seems to me that one of the great errors made by the political professionals in their use of television is that they place far too much stress on the paid political performance and fail to recognize day-to-day news coverage. Enormous effort goes into determining the right format of the paid political spot—the planning, staging, lighting, make-up, and occasionally even the costumes. This planning is all very well. The very nature of television demands it. But it seems to me not enough attention is given to the fact that either a film camera or an electronic camera assigned for news coverage purposes is likely to pick up the candidate in informal poses, at almost any time of the day or night when he appears in public or even, at times, when he appears in private. I remember one particularly interesting human-interest interview with Senator Kefauver, shoes off and half reclining on a bed in a hotel room in a small Wisconsin city. I also vividly recall watching Governor Warren of California gnawing on his chicken supper at a Wisconsin political rally with a lady politician gnawing on his ear, to the point where it was obvious the governor was unable to digest his chicken or even consider what he was going to say to the group later.

It seems to me that there are two reasons for paying attention to these informal, unstaged appearances. The first is a very obvious one: there is a large audience for regular news broadcasts which come at regularly scheduled times and attract viewers who come to see the news and not to see their favorite Westerns or variety programs. The paid political speech does not have this advantage. It usually pre-

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empts an entertainment program which the viewer tunes in to see. This does not make for a particularly favorable climate. The political parties found in the 1956 campaign that they could make good use of a five-minute period pre-empted from entertainment programs. But the increasing emphasis on filmed programs is sharply reducing the number of availabilities for the five-minute pre-emption.

At any rate, in the news broadcast the candidate is assured of an audience which, if not enormous in terms of the top ten, is at least a very large one. He is sure of no such draw in his paid politicals. In the news broadcast he is seen by an audience which tuned in to see news. In the case of the pre-emption, he is seen by many who might rather be watching a Western and are irritated by the intrusion.

The second important factor is that on news programs the voter gets a chance to see the candidate as he actually is, whereas in the set appearance, he sees a performer. Some persons in political life, of course, perform very well. At the same time, I have a strong feeling that the voter pays greater attention to what he sees of the candidate in a more natural environment.

LEST I seem to be depriving advertising agencies of their 15 per cent on political business and networks and stations of any revenue which they might derive from politicals, let me say that I am not advocating the abolition of the paid political speech. These performances are frequently an essential part of a campaign. What I am suggesting is that the candidate and his managers recognize the importance of television's news coverage, including "hard" news, news documentaries, and news interviews.

Not only has television increased the turnout at the polls, but it has played a leading role in informing the voters. An opinion poll based on the Harriman-Rockefeller race for Governor of New York in 1958 found that television ranked virtually even with newspapers as the most important source of information in helping voters make up their minds. Of those interviewed, 40 per cent listed newspapers as the most important source, and 38 per cent listed television. No other single source rated over 10 per cent.

Of distinct interest both on the practical and philosophical side is the fact that television has brought about a wider choice of candidates for nomination. Television's ability to create national figures almost overnight means that the choice of candidates does not have to be largely limited, as in the past, to the very few hopefuls who had achieved some kind of national status in a period of years. In that sense, television has made our electoral processes more democratic; it has brought high political office within reach of a larger segment of qualified persons.

Television has also dealt a severe blow to machine politics and to the power of special interests to deliver whole blocs of votes. Political candidates now have direct access to the individual voter via television, and can convince him in his own living room.

It is generally agreed that television has tended to keep election campaigns honest. It was once possible for the national candidate to move from region to region, tailoring his message to the immediate area. Also, it was possible to deny what had been said in other regions, or to insist that statements had been misconstrued in the newspapers. Once a man's likeness and his voice are presented on the television screen, such denials are harder to put across. The simple fact is that, due to television, campaigning is now done in a goldfish bowl, and a candidate cannot risk being inconsistent.

ONE of the criticisms commonly made of political coverage by television is that the colorful—or even sensational—statement made for the air tends to take precedence over the sound, rational, analytical treatment. It is undoubtedly true that the television news editor is looking for the attention-getting statement, but no more so than his counterpart on newspapers and magazines. Undoubtedly this points up a maxim in political life: it is essential to command attention. A successful public figure is one who can discuss serious issues and make them interesting, even dramatic, to the public. Those who claim that they cannot find exposure for their ideas might well look to their own inadequacies of expression.

But there must be no distortion. A political aspirant who constantly overstates or overdramatizes his case to create shock effect will invariably run into the law of diminishing returns, and into increasing public cynicism.

TOO many candidates still see television solely as an electronic stage for personal appearances, political performances, and contrived events designed to gain votes. These candidates overlook the scope of television's news operation. On the networks and on hundreds of individual stations, news coverage goes on 365 days a year, several times a day. Here is continuing means of intimate contact between candidate or officeholder and his constituents.

Many candidates get in touch with a television station only when they want time on the air. When they have news to relate they overlook the news department of stations and networks. Yet television cameras belong everywhere the pad-and-pencil reporters go.

Candidates must recognize television as primarily a reporting tool that can be far more useful than any other medium in establishing the man's personality, his proposals, his ideals. It is a tool that can put a candidate into the context of the day's news. Exposure on a news or a news-related program is more effective than in a paid-time appearance in which he is pleading his own case, even though the latter strategy has a definite place in a political campaign. The candidate who uses television successfully, as we shall see, makes sure that it gets the same attention, as a news medium, as is accorded to newspapers and wire services. He makes certain that television reporters have free access to all the news he is in a position to generate.

Working on behalf of the candidate

(*Continued on page* 51)

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(Above) M. J. Rathbone

(Below) Stuart Chase

WHEN IS BUSINESS TOO BIG?

Outside the United States, Americans have a reputation for worshiping bigness. Yet at home the truth often seems to be that we fear it—whether in business, labor, or government—as much as we admire it. Among economists, social historians, and government officials today there is a growing debate over the role of the large-scale corporation. Is it too large? Too powerful? Is there a point at which bigness becomes harmful to a society or an economy? In the discussion that follows, M. J. Rathbone, president of one of the nation's largest corporations, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), presents his viewpoint on the nature and significance of size in modern business enterprise. Reflecting on Mr. Rathbone's arguments, Stuart Chase, author, economist, and social commentator, takes a look at the problem from his special perspective and suggests the philosophy of economic size to which he believes America must adhere in the growing worldwide competition with the massive, state-directed economy that governs business affairs in the Soviet Union.

1. The Bias Against Bigness

By M. J. RATHBONE

IN the brief period of its existence, the large-scale corporation has undergone such marked changes that students of our society and economy have not found it easy to understand. Just about the time they have arrived at an understanding of one phase of it, it has undergone important transformations.

Lack of understanding has produced anxiety and even hostility where "big business" is concerned. While these attitudes, according to opinion surveys, are not found in the majority of the population, they do exist among individuals and groups which are important beyond their numbers. As a result, our government tends to assert more and more control over business affairs, and politicians and academicians speak and write critically of large business organizations because of attributes, actual or assumed, resulting solely from their size.

Examples of antipathy to big business are not hard to find. A proposal is now before Congress to prohibit corporations with combined assets of more than $10,000,000 from merging until sixty days after delivering fully documented notification of the proposed transaction to the Federal government. Another bill, which came before Congress at its last session, proposed that the largest companies be prohibited from raising prices on their products until thirty days after giving notice to the Federal Trade Commission, the Attorney General, the House, and the Senate.

Other proposals have been made, although admittedly not widely supported, for a graduated corporate income tax. A Senator has suggested that the depletion allowance, granted to companies engaged in the production of oil, gas, coal, and other natural resources, be applied on a sliding scale, with the larger companies being penalized. Quotas under the mandatory controls on oil imports recently imposed by the Federal government actually are on a graduated scale, with the result that larger companies are put at a disadvantage.

All these examples reflect a bias against the large corporation merely, one must conclude, because of its size.

I am disturbed by this evidence of bias against bigness. I am disturbed not only as one who is associated with a large industrial organization but also as an American citizen concerned with the prosperity and strength of his country and of the free world.

Some of the attempts to hamstring big business arbitrarily are probably opportunistic. Espousing a "cause" and attacking something which appears to be impersonal or abstract is a means of drawing public attention in a politically safe way. More disturbing to me however, is the fact that some of the questioning of big business is sincerely motivated. But whatever the motivation, if the attacks were to succeed, the consequence, in my estimation, would be immensely harmful to our country and all its citizens.

The roots of honest anxiety about bigness are undoubtedly complex. When a company becomes "big," people may worry about it on various grounds: economic, political, social, or

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ethical. All these, however, have in common a distrust of the power which a large corporation presumably exercises.

For example, the economist sees this power as a restriction of, or a potential threat to, competition. The implication is that competition is "free" only among small organizations. But is this true? In today's huge markets there is room for many large firms as well as smaller ones; hence largeness need not imply lack of competition. Indeed, a single man, running the only grocery store in a small town whose inhabitants have no other ready access to food, is not competing; he has a monopoly—at least until someone else opens a store nearby—irrespective of the size of his store. Conversely, a corporation whose activities cover a wide area not only *may* be, but almost certainly is, in the most vigorous and constant competition with many other companies.

One difficulty, it seems to me, is that some economists, many politicians, and indeed many businessmen, still think and talk of business in terms of Adam Smith's economics. The representative firm in Smith's time was a small unit, and classical economists dealt with the interaction of a large number of such units. But today's representative firm is very big by yesterday's standards. And the reasons are clear: Mushrooming populations and spectacular rises in living standards have enormously increased markets, industries, and hence the size of firms. The techniques of bigness, as manifested in mass production, mass distribution, and industrial research, have played a vital role in economic progress. So while much of the criticism of bigness is made in terms of classical economic theory, actual competitive conditions today are far different from those in the time of Adam Smith.

LESS recognized, perhaps, is the fact that the corporation has not only grown, but its structure and behavior have also changed. For example, today's large corporation of necessity takes a longer view of its operations: large-scale capital requirements must be planned and financed on a long-term basis; insurance and pension funds are established to cover generations; research programs are undertaken that take many years to pay off. Decisions on short-term matters are always weighted with consideration of their long-term effects.

These developments have introduced greater stability into our economy. Furthermore, competition among an industry's giants has taken on new dimensions: research itself has become a

(*Continued on page 52*)

2. *The Technological Imperative*

By STUART CHASE

"WHEN WE come right down to it," says M. J. Rathbone, "size in and of itself is neither good nor bad." Bigness is too elusive, he says, to form a standard for determining public policy about industrial enterprise.

As a student of semantics, I could not agree with Mr. Rathbone more completely. He is talking about U.S. corporations, the blue chips on the stock exchange. Five hundred non-financial companies account for two-thirds of U.S. industrial output; 150 companies turn out half the country's manufacturing tonnage. These concerns are "big" relative to most corporate units; many do an annual business of a billion dollars and up, a few make annual profits in the hundreds of millions. But the fact that a company is large does not make it *ipso facto* a public menace. The test is what service the company is rendering the public, the requirements of technology, how the company behaves, and who could do the job better.

Much of the fear and criticism of "big business" today is a cultural lag from the turn of the century. Then the "trusts" were arrogant and irresponsible, often dominated by a picturesque tycoon with a philosophy of "the public be damned." Mr. Justice Brandeis among others was sincerely convinced that large organizations were inefficient by definition. No one man, he thought, could understand their multifarious activities and make intelligent decisions. The Hearst press in those days, believe it or not, ran cartoons of the "trusts" as portly gentlemen in plug hats with dollar signs all over their white vests. The antitrust law was put on the books in an attempt to break up monopolies in steel, oil, coal, and meat-packing; presently Upton Sinclair was writing "The Jungle."

Nineteen-sixty is not 1900. Massive changes have taken place in the American economy as the result of technological advance, two world wars, and a depression to end all depressions. The principle of mass consumption to absorb the output of mass production came in with Henry Ford's assembly line in 1914, when, to the horror of the business world, he began paying his men not the market rate for labor, but enough for them to buy back the Model Ts they helped to make.

By the middle of the 1920s Ford's philosophy had been widely accepted; mass buying on the installment plan presently expanded mass consumption still further. The old "trickle down" theory has now been largely abandoned in favor of financing the rank-and-file directly, rather than making them the recipients of what could be spared from large incomes at the top.

It is doubtful if Brandeis or old Bob La Follette would believe their eyes if they could look at the economy of 1960. Nobody really understands this economy, for it corresponds to none of the common theories. Says Adolph Berle in "Power Without Property":

> We live under a system described in obsolete terms. We have come to believe our repeated declarations that our society is based on individual initiative—whereas, in fact, most of it is no more individual than an infantry division. We assume that our economic system is based on private property. Yet most industrial property is no more private than a seat in a subway train, and indeed it is questionable whether much of it can be called "property" at all.

The so-called managerial revolution,

—From "Highlights," by Rollin Kirby, 1927.

"By the middle 1920's Ford's philosophy had been widely accepted."

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unknown in 1900, has dislodged the great tycoon, replacing him with a self-perpetuating board of managers, and it has reduced the stockholder to impotence. Ask yourself, kind reader, what you really know about the operations of some large enterprise in which you may own a few shares of stock. You know when the dividend is cut, all right. You probably sign your proxies where it says on the dotted line, or, if time is short, throw them in the wastebasket. Out of some 3,000 companies traded on the stock exchanges, there were only twenty-four proxy contests in 1956, and only twelve in 1957. One was the ill-fated operation of Robert Young in seizing the New York Central—which probably led to his suicide. Was he the last of the great tycoons?

For all practical purposes the modern corporation can ignore the theoretical ability of stockholders to change management. Managers, furthermore, do not expect the great personal fortunes of the past; rather, they seek power, and ample executive pensions. The enterprises they run are nearly all affected with a public interest, in that the output is integrated with American living standards—if not always with the essentials of human life.

The major production units in many industries are few—three in automobiles, a dozen in steel, two in aluminum, three in rubber, and so on. Mr. Rathbone cites competition, but the giants have worked out a kind of muted competition, for which the learned faculty has coined the dreadful term "oligopoly." Prices are set or administered with due regard to gentlemanly courtesy, and especially with due allowance for a sound percentage of the profits to be plowed back into new plant. Chevrolets, Fords, and Plymouths all move to one orderly rhythm. For Ford to cut its price tag to, say, $1,000 in a price war would be as unseemly as for a Congressman to come out against home and mother. Such things are simply not done in 1960.

THE Federal government, meanwhile, is the sleeping partner—with occasional fits of rude awakening—in the affairs of all corporations, taking up to half the profits for the public treasury. What would old J. P. Morgan say about this unprecedented arrangement, and where does it leave the theory, so dear to Moscow, of unchecked business domination? Mr. Rathbone complains of hostility as a motive for various government controls, but in my view such controls are often necessary in the public interest. In our mixed economy they stop far short of the socialist goal of "government operation of the principal means of production."

Strange things have been happening since Morgan organized the U.S. Steel Corporation, and stranger things are to come. But perhaps the major factor in economic change is what I call the *technological imperative*. Quite apart from the human lust for power, and human limitations in the arts of management, certain enterprises *must* be big because technology demands it. Assembly lines, mass production operations, and now automation, are impossible in small, independent shops. Most utilities make no sense as competing enterprises—water, gas, electric power. Half a dozen competing companies with half a dozen telephones in your house, with half a dozen dial numbers to memorize for every call, would drive customers mad. It was bad enough when Paris had two telephone companies.

The TVA is a vast industrial enterprise, comprising navigation, flood control, conservation, fertilizer manufacturing, forestry, along with the generation of power. It makes engineering sense only on a large regional basis, with an overall plan for the valley of the Tennessee. New York City is slowly choking to death because it lacks a master plan to control its growth, especially motor traffic. The refining of oil (soon to be operated by electronic computers); the manufacture of steel, copper, aluminum, certain chemicals; the operation of railway systems, power grids, pipelines—all must be big to serve the public effectively. Whether they are owned publicly or privately is another matter. Technology demands big-scale stuff, and leaves it at that. In Russia these activities are on a large scale, as in the Ruhr, and they presently will be in China and India. Not dogma but applied science calls the tune.

THE technological imperative may not demand supermarkets, chain stores, or branch banks, though various economies are doubtless effected through lower overhead costs. It does not demand giant corporation farms when family farms can be mechanized, as they now can be for some crops in America. It does not demand that all shops along Main Street become units of a huge corporate complex.

Once the concept of the technological imperative is firmly grasped, "bigness" and "littleness" and "mediumness" fall into orderly patterns. Some operations must be big, like the telephone service; some are better small, like family farms; some are in the middle zone, like chain stores. Whether Howard Johnson's numerous restaurants are in line with the imperative is a nice question for intensive research; I would hesitate to answer it. Once the concept is grasped, rigid ideological positions begin to erode.

Where bigness is technologically justified, there remain at least four social and political problems to face. I have already touched on some of them.

1. *Self-perpetuating managements.* Big operations require the long view. The planning of investment, sources of supply, research projects, often extend beyond the lifetime of any one man. The corporation thus takes on

(*Continued on page* 53)

"Try to look more abstract."

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The Universal Search for Self

By Granville Hicks

AT THE end of Dan Jacobson's **"Evidence of Love"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4) Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Makeer arrive in Cape Town. As their passports and other papers are being examined, it is discovered that Kenneth is Colored. The horrified officials have to admit Kenneth and Isabel, since they are both citizens of South Africa, but they warn the couple that if they cohabit, they will be guilty of a criminal offense under the Immorality Act. They are seized in their hotel that night, and are jailed, Kenneth being treated with some brutality. At the trial Kenneth says:

> By arresting us and bringing us into court, the State has made my love for my wife, and her love for me, a public and political act. For this reason we cannot be punished by the court, but only released by it, released from the public and political hatreds, the public and political guilts, which make ugly the most private and secret lives of everyone who lives in this country.

They are both sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor. Kenneth is also sentenced to twelve strokes of the cane, but that part of the sentence is suspended. The punishment is surprisingly light.

The novel is the story of these two. Kenneth is the son of one of the most respectable, most obsequious of Coloreds. Isabel Fast is the daughter of a well-to-do member of the white community. In youth they meet only once, but their destinies are linked without their knowing it, since both are protégés of a rich liberal, a Miss Bentwisch. Miss Bentwisch pays for Kenneth's education while convincing him that he is to become a great leader of his people. Isabel she chooses as her successor, planning to marry her to the heir of the Bentwisch fortune.

When Isabel decides that she does not love Martin Bullivant and cannot marry him, Miss Bentwisch casts her off, and the girl, at loose ends, goes to London. Kenneth is also in London, whither he has been sent by Miss Bentwisch to continue his education. He, too, is at loose ends, for he has begun to doubt whether he wants the future his benefactress has planned for him. He seeks Isabel out, but without telling her either that he is Colored or that he knows anything about her. Their affair is inevitably troubled, for neither one is sure of himself and Kenneth carries a heavy burden of guilt because of his silence.

After Isabel has learned the truth about Kenneth, she leaves him, not because she is shocked by his racial background but because she believes she has deflected him from his great purpose. She goes back to South Africa, determined to make the best of a marriage with Martin. Fortunately she has occasion to speak to Kenneth's brother of the sacrifice she has made, and he tells her, with forceful vulgarity, what he thinks of her. She understands how wrongheaded she has been, and she returns to Kenneth purely in the spirit of love. Kenneth says, "I know what I am, now I love you again." "We know ourselves through each other," she replies. "But only when we are true to ourselves, apart," he answers.

It is this development, of course, that gives significance to the ending. Kenneth and Isabel have had a long struggle to escape from false identities, to rise above complexities of guilt, to know themselves and to find one another. That they have achieved love, however, does not absolve them from responsibility. But what they do is not what Miss Bentwisch or some other person tells them they ought to do. It is an expression of themselves; it is evidence of love.

Young as he is, Dan Jacobson has published four novels and a collection of short stories, and he has gained steadily in reputation. In "Evidence of Love" he combines great subtlety with a powerful forthrightness. He probes with a firm, ruthless hand, and yet one always feels his compassion. He examines the problem of identity and the problem of guilt, both so much favored by the younger writers today, and to them he adds the problem of social responsibility, and in all this he never loses himself or the reader.

There is a large contrast between Jacobson's sharply realistic narrative and the fable Conrad Richter has unfolded in **"The Waters of Kronos"** (Knopf, $3.50). The little novel begins as the simple story of a familiar kind of pilgrimage: John Donner, getting on in years, crosses the continent to visit the scenes of his childhood, though he knows that in fact he cannot visit them, since what was Unionville now lies at the bottom of a vast artificial lake. The best he can do is to visit the cemetery, to which the remains of Unionville's people, including his own ancestors, have been removed.

Then the miracle happens and Donner finds himself in the Unionville of his boyhood. Richter describes the town with the felicity that has distinguished so many of his writings. It is real to us, and it is real to Donner, but he cannot be part of this town. As Richter conceives his fable, Donner is not a ghost; he is there in the flesh, to be seen and spoken to by those whom he recognizes but who do not recognize him. He is there, but as a stranger, an outcast.

The allegory is clear. The Unionville of Donner's boyhood has been inundated, as the title warns us, by the waters of time. He can find it again, but he cannot have any effect upon it, nor can his visiting it change him. He remains the aging, battered, unhappy man that he is.

One insight is vouchsafed John Donner: he discovers that he did not hate his father.

> It was the great deception practiced by man on himself and his fellows, the legend of hate against the father so the son need not face the real and ultimate abomination, might conceal the actual nature of the monster who haunted the shadows of childhood, whose name only the soul knew and who never revealed himself before the end when it was found that all those disturbing things seen and felt in the father, which as a boy had given him an uncomprehending sense of dread and hostility, were only intimations of his older self to come, a self marked with the inescapable dissolution and decay of his youth.

This is an insight worth thinking about, but I am not sure how sound it is, and in any case it seems a meager reward for all that John Donner has suffered. However, judgment must be suspended, for, as the book ends, Donner has yet to see his mother. A sequel is indicated, and it may give us a deeper meaning. I hope so, for "The Waters of Kronos," strongly felt as it obviously is, is less then satisfying. The work is saturated with a quiet melancholy that is often poignant, but Richter does not seem so far to be saying much more than anyone has felt in thinking of his youth, and surely it was his idea to say a great deal more.

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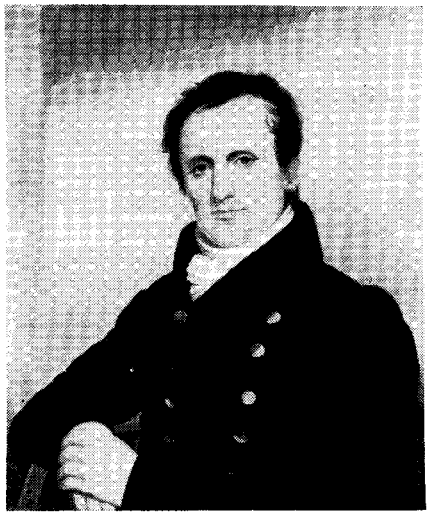
Tracking a Fiction Pathfinder

"The Letters and Journals of James Fenimore Cooper," edited by James F. Beard *(Belknap-Harvard University Press. Vol. I, 444 pp. Vol. II, 420 pp. $10 each), records the views of an American man of letters on the events of his time. Chairman of the Department of English at New York University, Oscar Cargill has edited and written many studies of our literary history.*

By Oscar Cargill

THOUGH James Fenimore Cooper gave of himself generously in his letters, frequently obliging casual inquirers with eight-page replies, when he could command at least ten dollars a page for whatever he wrote, the creator of the "Leatherstocking Tales" never accommodated his point of view to any one of his correspondents, not even to those dearest to him. Because this virile, passionate, indomitable man is a most inviting subject for biography, there have been some remarkably good studies of him—by Lounsbury, Spiller, Clymer, and Boynton—but the tangy distinction of each of these finely blended productions is pallid compared with the hundred-proof Cooper which Professor James Franklin Beard now offers us in these first two volumes of his "official" edition of Cooper's manuscripts, here confined to letters, broadsides, and journals written between 1800 and 1835.

To compile these two volumes Mr. Beard has exerted an unremitting zeal, an ingenuity, an instinct for the "faint trace" which would have won the admiration of that famous scout Natty Bumpo, who had something of a reputation in his own day as a relentless pursuer. Not to mince matters, these volumes are a superb piece of scholarship—good enough to be deplored in England. Beard was faced with the fact that collectors, autograph hunters, and others better not characterized had scattered the correspondence all over the world. His fifteen years of industry have pulled together more than one could possibly believe had survived. For example, a Warsaw collection perished in a World War II blitz, but Beard provides us with letters and a leaflet, "Contribution for the Poles," showing clearly how active Cooper and Lafayette were in Paris during the summer of 1831 in aiding the Poles in their struggle for freedom—materials which suggest the nature of the Warsaw collection without wholly compensating for its loss. Annotation is properly recognized as a nuisance, but here it is so pressure-packed, so rich in substance, as to excite admiration. And what tenacity has gone into this task. In a letter home to Dick Cooper, the novelist asked about or wished to be remembered to twenty-eight people. Dick complained, "Some . . . I never heard of, and some are in their graves"; Beard has identified twenty-seven of them. Cooper was no name dropper, but his acquaintance was immense and his memory prodigious, with the result that his editor has had to run down hundreds of obscure persons on two continents. He has come upon his quarry in all but three or four instances.



—Bettmann Archive.

James Fenimore Cooper—he marched alone.

THE man who emerges from these pages is the same Cooper who quarreled with his Cooperstown neighbors and successfully prosecuted Horace Greeley and others for libel, but ruddier, better fleshed, more formidable, more bellicose. A friendly letter starts like a naval broadside: "My dear Shubrick, if you keep as bad a reckoning at sea as you do ashore, God help the idlers, who will all be drowned, some night, in their hammocks." "Your friend Mrs. R. is not my friend," Cooper informed Mrs. Peter Augustus Jay, "nor will she ever be so. As I am yours I advise you to write no more letters of introduction to her." Suits, blunt invitations to sue, and threats of suit are as frequent as the club cards in a deck; Cooper permitted himself to be sued for one dollar, rather than settle a rascally claim for wages that had not been earned. Life was a field of thistles to Cooper, but he marched on it undismayed, striking down the evil weeds with his walking stick. And he marched alone. A marvelous anecdote in a letter to Benjamin Silliman describes how when Cooper was at Yale, a group of students "scraped," that is, roughed up an unpopular tutor in a hall. Interrogated, Cooper swore on his honor, he had not participated, for "I disliked the manner of assailing a man en masse."

Cooper saw further into the French tumults of 1830 than did his friend Lafayette, who might have changed the destiny of France had he been as stout a Republican as Cooper. Cooper, having witnessed one failure to collect the American claims against the French for the Neapolitan outrages, suggested a plan tantamount to the one which was ultimately successful. These and other instances of his astuteness, as well as his service and long interest in the Navy, doubtless influence Mr. Beard to regret that Cooper was never offered the Secretaryship. But when Cooper measures a new French "22" corvette and surmises that one of our vessels, similarly armed, could blow it out of the water, the deprivation becomes suddenly endurable.

FOR all his acute sense of the respect due him, Cooper was singularly deprecatory about his own accomplishments. When a proposal was made him to re-edit his works, he had to confess he did not own a volume of his own productions. Furthermore, he thought "three hundred pounds . . . would hardly reward me . . . for the loss of time in correcting . . . and the vexation of spirit caused me by reading *nine* novels written by myself." When he actually undertook revision, he found it a proper "punishment for my old sins." They are those of extraordinarily facile composition; one novel went to the printer without even recopying. This explains why the letters and journals are not concerned with those issues which are primary in the letters and notebooks of Hawthorne and James, but with those of another order and importance altogether. His interest in decorum, for example, was as great as that of Henry James and won him an earlier respect with less gracious manners, at a time when respect for an American was harder to come by.

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Ill-Paid Were the Players of the Communist Drama

The voracity of the Red flame that promised warmth to the forlorn and thereby hypnotized the idealist is revealed in two current books: ***"The Disinherited," by Michel del Castillo;*** *translated from the French by Humphrey Hare (Knopf. 274 pp. $3.95), and* ***"The Owl of Minerva: The Autobiography of Gustav Regler,"*** *translated from the German by Norman Denny (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 375 pp. $5). Though the first is a novel and the second a memoir, they dovetail in their accounts of the Spanish Civil War. To review them SR has chosen critics with personal knowledge of the hopes, dilemmas, and disillusionments described. Novelist Richard Wright wrote "The God That Failed" and, most recently, "Black Power." Louis Fischer, who was the first American to join the International Brigade, is the author of "Russia Revisited." His latest book is "The Story of Indonesia."*

1. The Voiceless Ones

By RICHARD WRIGHT

—On extended loan from the artist to The Museum of Modern Art.

Picasso's "Guernica"—A human motor power with energy enough to move Spain.

FROM Dostoevsky's "The Possessed" to Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," a Niagara of serious fiction has depicted man's outliving the mythological symbols of Christendom and his agonized groping for some new faith. In no area of contemporary life has this dilemma assumed so intense a form as in the reality of the rise and meaning of world Communism. Hitherto this dramatic Communist reality has been almost exclusively treated in the literature produced by bourgeois philosophical novelists who repeatedly posed the question of Communism in terms of: If there is a God, then Communism is an aberration, a sin, a spawn of intellectual pride; but, if there is no God, then Communism is the logical consequence of a God-less universe; anything is possible; man becomes God; the floodgates to criminality are open; etc., etc.

Yet I, an ex-Communist who spent ten years under Party discipline, never met a single functioning Communist whose actions were informed by such absurd and abstract notions. The Communists I knew were victims of a society, men and women and children whose personalities bore the festering wounds of the Church and State, repressive organs of power wielded by acquisitive and exploitive social classes; at times they were victims of racial or economic conditions; at other times they were double victims, victims of their own backward society and that of distant colonial powers. And not once did I ever hear a victim say, "If there is a God, then what is happening to me is right and I accept it." Indeed, the contrary was most often true; the more stoutly Christian the victim, the more inclined was he toward rebellion and eventual Communism.

It was, then, with a sense of relief that I turned the gripping pages of Michel del Castillo's second novel, "The Disinherited," which tells the story of the making of a Communist in terms of how I saw and lived that process. I do not exclude other processes; perhaps Dostoevsky's and Koestler's mentally tormented heroes really do exist, but they surely would (and this applies as much to Marx as to Lenin and Stalin) have had no human raw material to organize and catapult into tragic action if the conditions of poverty and degradation, as so graphically depicted by Castillo, had not thrown up hordes of violently exasperated men eager to embrace any philosophy that even hinted at redemption or liberation.

How is it that so many of the portraits of Communists presented to us have been pale-visaged high-brows thrashing about in the throes of metaphysics—high-brows whose presence or absence would not have mattered much, as history has so amply demonstrated? Hundreds of thousands of intellectual Communists, as Khrushchev has testified, have been slain for jaywalking in the path of the revolution and that revolution has roared relentlessly on. How was that possible? Who has been trying to fool us? Was it their fault that the voiceless ones who bore the brunt of the revolution could not tell their side of the story? Why did not the Communist or ex-Communist intellectuals recount the experience of those voiceless ones instead of extolling and celebrating the state of their own tired and frayed nerves?

IN "The Disinherited," Castillo has done this. Olny, his hero (if such calloused and determined men can be imagined in that genre), embittered and hard, simple in action but confoundingly complex in reaction, springing out of a quarantined slum on the outskirts of Madrid just prior to Franco's onslaught on Spanish freedom, is

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a truly terrifying man whose existence calls into account our responsibility, for our society produces Olnys with the same skilled efficiency that River Rouge produces Fords. Not even Gorky ever drew such pictures of human brutality and suffering. Beneath the Spanish Church and State, today as then, is a subworld where there is more death than bread, where curses have superseded caresses, where murder is a casual joke, where sadism is entertainment, where prostitution is almost respectable, where all human joy has put been on deposit in the cathedrals to be withdrawn in a life beyond the grave. And with what terse power Castillo delineates the volatile, sodden, drunken, and dreamy denizens of this slum!

Here is that human motor power that the Bolsheviks called the "locomotive of history," a motor power which they alone seem to be able, no matter what their motives, to weigh in terms of its dynamic potentials, a motor power without which no single Communist intellectual, no matter how genius-ridden, would ever dream of going into revolutionary action. Without history's generations of Olnys there would have been no energy to move Spain toward republican government or to sustain its self-sacrificial struggle against Fascism; there would have been no wild human tide to drag the Russian October-train down its bloody rails; there would have been no élan to spur China upon its long arduous march; no fire to set ablaze the hearts of Africa's black millions.

CASTILLO, artist that he is, reaches no hard conclusions in his dramatic recital of degradation, sacrifice, and death; instead, he concentrates with white-hot heat on showing his chief characters becoming entangled in a web of insoluble contradictions. The brooding Santiago, impelled, like so many before him, toward Communism out of Christian love, finds himself a traitor lurching between the exploiters and the exploited and is slain by his Communist comrades; led by Santiago into the Party and freed of poverty and hunger, Olny is frozen with horror at the tragic price he pays, a symbolical and biological emasculation. Carlos, a dry, arrogant, crippled intellectual, discovers that he can't fight Franco's dictatorship and approve proletarian dictatorship at the same time, and he reaches that point of despair that makes him give his life for a revolution in which he no longer believes; Loto, the fifteen-year-old boy who swears continually to keep up his courage and prefers to die in battle than live in a slum; a kindhearted and weary priest who, about to die before a Communist firing squad, stands bewildered at complexities of life never hinted at in the Scriptures—all these brave and trembling men slide down the grim Greek route to defeat, without glimpsing why they are fighting or what they are dying for, shipwrecked upon the shoals of their own illusions, yet somehow managing to cling until the end to their dream of a world of peace for all mankind.

OUT of this welter of negation, the sheer fierceness of despair tints the horizon of feeling with the afterglow of hope. Only the proud and bitter Spanish women—Olny's mother and wife (Consuelo and Marianita) emerge with some tattered dignity in Castillo's laconic narrative, but theirs is a dignity born more of biological functioning than of clear-eyed hope.

Castillo restates the Communist drama in a manner that reminds us that its strength is in each hungry body, in each outraged sense of human dignity, in each alienated personality, in each thwarted dream of comradeship and love, a challenging reality that is not all new and that predates the appearance of proletarian political parties. Anti-Communist, anti-Fascist, Castillo writes with blazing fury about men thrown into conflict by forces in themselves they but dimly perceive. His is a new voice whose accent is on the wordless words of the heart. Religion seems to be no answer to the needs of these deeply troubled men; indeed, as is evident in Asia and Africa today, religion all too often awakens the initial impulse to rebellion that leads to Communism.

What then is the answer? Castillo does not tell us, but his suffering-wrought book rouses us to speculation. May it not ultimately develop that this sense of being disinherited is not mainly political at all, that politics serves it as a temporary vessel, that Marxist ideology in particular is but a transitory makeshift pending a more accurate diagnosis, that Communism may be but a painful compromise containing a definition of man by sheer default?

If any of the foregoing speculations are but remotely true, then I believe that the present Cold War, and all the contemporary schemes for the "containment" of Communism, are beside the point, and Communism, deriving its nuclear energy from mankind's global awakening out of traditional and tribal slumber, might well turn out to be an even greater problem to the Communists themselves than to their strident enemies.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MUSIC OUT OF MYTHOLOGY

The mythologies of many lands have provided a fertile source for musical compositions. This is particularly true of the Graeco-Roman tradition. Here are twenty composers and twenty works derived from many sources to be matched with each other, submitted by Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey. Answers on page 52.

1. Barber	( ) "Les Amours de Jupiter"
2. Berlioz	( ) "Apollo and Daphne"
3. Debussy	( ) "Apollon Musagete"
4. Dukas	( ) "Bacchus et Ariane"
5. Gluck	( ) "Le Coq d'Or"
6. Handel	( ) "Daphnis et Chloe"
7. Ibert	( ) "Diane et Actaeon"
8. Milhaud	( ) "Dido and Aeneas"
9. Monteverdi	( ) "Elektra"
10. Offenbach	( ) "Götterdämmerung"
11. Purcell	( ) "Lemminkainen"
12. Rameau	( ) "Les Malheurs d'Orphée"
13. Ravel	( ) "Medea"
14. Rimsky-Korsakov	( ) "Orfeo"
15. Roussel	( ) "Orfeo ed Euridice"
16. Saint-Saëns	( ) "Orpheus in Hades"
17. Sibelius	( ) "La Péri"
18. Strauss	( ) "Le Rouet d'Omphale"
19. Stravinsky	( ) "Syrinx"
20. Wagner	( ) "Les Troyens à Carthage"

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2. *The Idealist, to Whom Wisdom Came Late*

By LOUIS FISCHER

"THE OWL OF MINERVA" is a dual love story: the tender love for a beautiful woman, sensitive to art and people but distrustful of politics, who died of cancer, and the love for Communism, which also died of cancer.

I knew Gustav Regler when we were together in Spain, he fighting Franco in the mountains as a political commissar in the International Brigade, I for a short time the Brigade's quartermaster supplying the front and the trainees in the rear with blankets, bullets, rifles, bread, wine, meat, clothing, and other necessities. I also knew Regler in Paris when Spain had fallen. I heard him argue then with his German Communist comrades about the Soviet-Nazi pact of August 23, 1939. He could not take it. Some of them could. One of these, Otto Katz, who wrote under the name of André Simone, subsequently paid for his loyalty by hanging from the gallows in Communist Czechoslovakia after he had "confessed" at the Slansky trial to being a Western-imperialist spy. Loyalty? Discipline? Or the absence of an alternative?

In 1936, 1937, 1938, and 1939 I heard nothing from Regler about his past. The present was so engrossing, so overwhelming, so decisive, one never turned to the past or, for that matter, to the future. Spain was the romantic zenith of Regler's and my generation. Younger generations now envy us the experience. Where is the romance in public life today?

Marie Louise was a painter, Gustav a poet and novelist. She died slowly, gracefully, and went out to the sound of music, under the eyes of her lover and surrounded by adoring friends. Communism, too, died slowly, as Regler watched. The Hitler-Stalin pact was a blow, the last, but not a shock, for he had been in the Soviet Union until 1936 and saw the fatal illness creep from organ to organ and limb to limb. Regler, like his Russian friends in Moscow and Spain, hoped that the Spanish revolution would heal the Soviet revolution. It was for this that they went, dreaming of a therapeutic transfusion. Is this why Stalin shot those who returned? They wished to be doctors to the sick Russian revolution. He was its undertaker. Hence the purges. The Moscow pump was stronger than Madrid's; the blood flowed the wrong way.

Regler's blood flowed too. He was driving in a car along the line of fire with his commander, General Lukacz, a Hungarian Communist author, when an artillery shell hit them. Lukacz's skull was broken and his brain spilled out. Report had it that Regler also had been killed. I remember the chill and silence that ran through the Brigade. But Gustav, though gravely hurt, recovered.

He convalesced in Paris with Marie Louise by his side. Then came another, bigger war, child of the lesser war in Spain. And Regler, who spoke French fluently and loved France and hated Nazi Germany, was sent to a vermin-ridden concentration camp in southern France, in sight of Spain, as a German! The French government did not know its friends from its enemies. How could it fight?

REGLER knew the foe. When Hitler approached Paris, the wandering novelist and Marie Louise of the exquisite face fled to New York. Friends in Washington Square gave them a party. In the midst of it Eleanor Roosevelt telephoned. "I'm so glad you have reached our shores safely," said the wife of the President of the United States, our First Lady forever.

Regler reports about life and politics with the finesse, insight, and imagination of a creative writer. He begins in his home in the Saar, where, as a German Catholic boy, he was Sabbath *goy* to a Jewish family. His curiosity aroused, he stole into the synagogue on the Day of Atonement to see the ceremonial, but fell asleep. The spirit, however, must have attained him, for he conceived a lasting affection for the children of Israel. His own religion, and religious faith in general, began leaving him in the German trenches in Flanders, where he was wounded; what remained disappeared or was perhaps transmuted into ideology. First, Socialism: he fought on the side of the Social Democrats in Berlin in 1918 against the monarchists and reactionaries; later, he joined the Communists and found new gods and idols.

This autobiography is packed with pain, thought, and pictures. One sees Ernest Hemingway at the Spanish front encouraging the Loyalist soldiers to fight on. Arthur Koestler is a co-inmate at the French concentration camp at Vernet; the camp comes alive. The top German Communists justify their special, paid-for comforts on the ground that the "cadres must be preserved for future struggles." André Malraux, a friend of Regler's, appears in Moscow, Paris, and Madrid. Soviet authors flit through the pages. A thumbnail sketch of Ernst Toller, the German poet, takes him from foremost militant in Bavaria to suicide in New York's Hotel Mayflower. The book is a novelist's history of Germany, Russia, France, and Spain between the two world wars —history in terms not of governments, treaties, diplomacy, and leaders, but of ideas, intellectuals, moral problems, and hopes.

What has happened to Gustav Regler as a result of all this? He now lives in Mexico, a refugee from his past. "The Owl of Minerva," says a quotation from Hegel on the title page, "spreads its wings only with the falling of the dusk." Wisdom comes late. If youth would read, wisdom might alight on them earlier.

The German original of Regler's autobiography, exceedingly well translated by Norman Denny, begins with a quotation from St. Matthew, 26. Judas had kissed Jesus to betray him. "And behold one of them which were with Jesus stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and cut off his ear. Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into his place: for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The German original is entitled "The Ear of Malchus." The words of Jesus are the essence of what life at dusk has taught Regler. The betrayer comes with a kiss. So Communism came to Gustav, with a kiss that seemed to express love. But it has perished by the sword, and by its executioner's revolver, and by its tanks in Budapest, and what remains is what Rome had till Rome fell: power. Regler, after all the violence he has seen and shared, seems to have become an atheistic Christian.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 878

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 878 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDEAF GDB HBFG

GDKLM EHNOG GDB

POGOCB KF GDEG KG

NLQR SNTBF NLB

ZER EG E GKTB.

—ZBEL ESDBFNL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 877

No man is lonely while eating spaghetti—it requires so much attention.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The Final Solution Was Slaughter

"Commandant of Auschwitz: The Autobiography of Rudolf Hoess," *translated by Constantine FitzGibbon (World. 285 pp. $4), relentlessly portrays the greatest of all mass executioners. Quentin Reynolds, who was International News Services Berlin correspondent in 1933, has a novel on John Day's spring list entitled "Known But to God."*

By Quentin Reynolds

RUDOLF HOESS, who was in charge of the Auschwitz Extermination Camp in Poland, may well have directed the slaughter of more human beings than any man in history. After the war he was caught, tried, and sentenced to be hanged. While awaiting execution he was asked to write his autobiography. Always the conscientious official obeying orders without question, he composed a meticulous and dispassionate account of his monstrous activities during the war.

No relation to Hitler's deputy, Rudolf Hess, he writes, "I personally arranged, on orders received from Himmler in May 1941 the gassing of two million persons between June-July 1941 and the end of 1943, during which time I was Commandant of Auschwitz."

Officials of the War Crimes Investigation branch carefully checked the hand-written document by Hoess and found it to be absolutely accurate. Lord Russell of Liverpool did the same thing and he has written an illuminating introduction to the book.

The man who was to become the greatest of all mass executioners was deeply religious as a boy, and his early ambition was to enter the priesthood. When World War I erupted, young Hoess was faced with two alternatives: he could either enter a training college for missionaries or join the army. Unfortunately for humanity, he chose the latter. According to his own account, he was a good soldier (it is a matter of record that he was wounded twice and that he earned the Iron Cross). After the war he joined the Freikorps, a peculiar phenomenon of the time. The Freikorps consisted of officers and men who had returned from the war and found themselves misfits in civilian life, or of young fanatics who wished to show their contempt for the restrictions imposed upon Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. The organization was a volunteer one, which never had the sanction of the German government. Traitors within the organization were tried in secret and when found guilty were often punished by death. Hoess and several of his colleagues, having decided that one of their number was betraying the organization, executed him. This was his first experience with cold-blooded murder. He was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for his part in this murder but, after serving six years, the Reichstag granted amnesty to all political prisoners and Hoess was released.

He married, had three children, and lived obscurely until he became infected with the virus of National Socialism. Eventually Hoess became a member of the SS, where his careful precise work drew the attention of Himmler. Himmler asked him to work in the "protective custody camp" at Dachau, and now his real career began. Corporal punishment was standard practice at Dachau, and Hoess describes his feeling of horror and revulsion when he had to attend the flogging of a prisoner.

"I was stationed in the front rank," he writes, "and was thus compelled to watch the whole procedure. I was compelled because if I had been in the rear of the company I would not have looked. When the man began to scream I went hot and cold all over. In fact the whole thing made me shudder."

It was not long, however, before he managed to overcome his sensitivity. Hoess was a man with a blind faith in Himmler, and he never even considered disobeying any of his monstrous orders. By 1941 he was well conditioned for the horrible role that he would henceforth play. When he was made Commandant of Auschwitz and told to prepare installations where mass exterminations could be effected and to personally carry out those exterminations he never thought of questioning these orders.

"It was certainly an extraordinary order," he writes; "nevertheless the reasons behind the extermination program seemed to me right; whether this mass extermination of the Jews was necessary or not was something on which I could not allow myself to form an opinion. The Fuehrer himself [through Himmler] had given the order for the 'final solution to the Jewish question.' For an SS officer there could be no question of considering its merits. 'The Fuehrer commands, we follow' was never a mere phrase or slogan, it was meant in bitter earnest."

His first big job as an executioner was to liquidate a group of Russian war prisoners. He decided to use a preparation of prussic acid called Cyclon B, an insecticide. He watched the killing and confessed that it made him feel "uncomfortable." By 1942, when the first transports of Jews earmarked for death arrived at Auschwitz from upper Silesia, Hoess had become the professional executioner who no longer felt "uncomfortable."

RUDOLF HOESS in this incredible confession never makes excuses for himself. He goes into great detail about how the victims died; how their gold teeth were extracted, their hair cut off, and how they were then cremated. During all of this time Hoess lived with his wife and three children in a house just outside the camp. According to him, it was an idyllic home life.

In his introduction Lord Russell says:

> The horrors described by Hoess are now well known; nevertheless I think his story should be read for one very good reason—Hoess was a very ordinary little man, he had a job to do and he carried it out effectively. Eventually he appears to have realized the enormity of what he did but nevertheless he took pride in doing it well. That a little bureaucrat like Hoess could have become a cog in the wheel of the great extermination machine created by the Third Reich is a reminder never to be forgotten of the appalling and disastrous effects of totalitarianism on men's minds.

Lord Russell is right; this is a great if grisly historical document, which not only includes the unforgettable self-portrait by Hoess but candid pictures of some of his more spectacular and abominable fellow criminals. It is not for the squeamish, this book, but it is for the thoughtful. It has already been printed in Poland and in Germany. The translation into English was magnificently done by Constantine FitzGibbon.

The ghost of Rudolf Hoess might or might not be disturbed by the fact that all royalties from the book go to the Comité International D'Auschwitz, a charitable organization set up to help the survivors of the camp.

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Resigned to Fame

"Thimayya of India," by Humphrey Evans *(Harcourt, Brace. 306 pp. $5.95), presents in full stature a man from Coorg, the Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces of the Republic of India. Currently visiting this country, O. K. Nambiar is chairman of the English Department of the University of Mysore's Central College.*

By O. K. Nambiar

COORG, the picturesque South Indian district of forests, hills, and valleys, produces an abundance of coffee and oranges, fine soldiers and charming hostesses. The people of Coorg are an ethnic enigma. A wild guess of recent origin, which the Coorgs themselves neither discredit nor deny, relates them to the lost Scythian regiment of Alexander the Great's army. The Scythian regiment's decision to trek 2,000 miles from its North Indian garrison through the inhospitable forests of the Western Ghats, where they got lost, instead of following the pleasant and fertile plains, is perhaps one of these rare instances of collective masochism. Physically hardy and handsome, by nature open and frank, the Coorgs look somewhat different from their neighbors of Malabar and Mysore. They are among the few fortunate groups who escaped the priestly control and influence of the Brahmins. As a consequence they do not resist new and progressive ideas and are responsive to modern forces. Besides, the Coorgs had intimate social and business association with the early English planters for more than a century. This has made the Coorgs pioneers in East-West cultural synthesis.

The Coorgs are hardy and take naturally to soldiering. They need to be hardy. It is by the constant use of gun and axe that they are able to save their orchards from the seasonal push of the lush green jungle and the devastating descent of herds of wild animals. For six months in the year they endure the incessant wet lash of the Monsoon rains.

"Thimayya of India" is the unfinished story of a gallant Indian soldier from Coorg. A subaltern in the Indian Army of the British Raj, the army Kipling knew, he rose to be general and Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces of the Republic of India. The shifting political scene of India forms the background of this biographical narrative. "Thimmy" played his role effectively in this evolution. Yet the book is something more than the biography of a man who has become a legend. It is the saga of a great transition that has brought into being what General Thimayya calls "the New Indian Army Man."

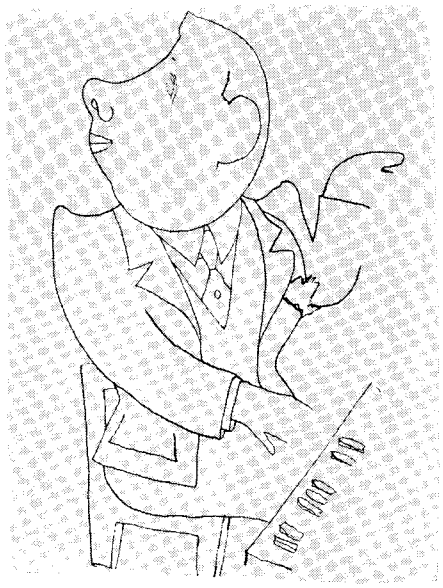
The emotional conflict between loyalty to the Crown and patriotic duty to the country was, in Thimayya's case, resolved by Pandit Motilal Nehru, father of Jawaharlal Nehru. With an astonishing combination of political sagacity and statesmanlike foresight, unfortunately rare since his days, the great leader advised Thimayya not to resign his commission, but to learn all that he could. He said, "When India is free she will have to stand alone and we will have none to protect us but ourselves. It is then that our survival will depend on men like you." Thimayya stayed.

In Humphrey Evans's narrative General Thimayya stands three paces forward—intensely patriotic, human, and intrepid. His early home life at "Sunnyside," under the backwoodsmanlike care of a stern and impulsively generous Pater Familias, ripened him for the rigors of his school days. At school it was as though Tom Brown had been admitted to Dotheboys Hall by an oversight of the management: delightful truancy brightens up the dreary scene. Later handpicked by Lord Curzon at an interview, he was sent to Sandhurst for military training.

From Bangalore, where he met Nina, his charming and accomplished wife, to Baghdad, where he was nearly killed for thoughtlessly riding into the King's Harem at Habbaniah; from the bleak mountain peaks around Fort Sandenham, where frontier tribesmen alternated their warm hospitality with some of the deadliest sniping in the world, to Quetta, where he arrived just in time for the great earthquake that took 60,000 lives; from Maungdaw, where against strict H.Q. orders he cleared a hill full of fox-holed Japanese with no casualty among his Kuamons, to Kangau, where he infuriated his brother officers, Colonels Thorat and Sen, by taking more than his share of enemy-held positions, Thimayya's life has been rich in great decisions and bold enterprise.

Thimayya's firm stand on what he thinks is right has often brought him into sharp conflict with his superiors. His is the singular instance of one who resigned his way forward. He is perhaps the only chief of staff in the world who would make a frank admission of this kind: "That day I learned from a sweeper how to behave under fire."

Mr. Evans has produced an exceedingly good book on an unusually fascinating man.



—From "Les Mamelles de Tirésias."

Francis Poulenc as caricatured by Jean Cocteau in 1921.

Master in Miniature

"Francis Poulenc," by Henri Hell; *translated by Edward Lockspeiser (Grove. 118 pp. $5), adds up the sharps and flats of the career of this so-called "Fernandel among composers." Abram Chasins, musicologist and author, is music director of WQXR, the radio network owned by The New York Times.*

By Abram Chasins

THE SIGNIFICANT compositional stature attained by Francis Poulenc in recent years, the impending release of his latest operatic success, "La Voix Humaine," on RCA's distinguished Soria Series, and the composer-pianist's presence among us in artistic association with soprano Denise Duval all make the American publication of his biography by French music critic Henri Hell a timely and welcome event.

In brisk style and abridged form, idiomatically translated by critic Edward Lockspeiser, this vivacious little book chronicles the evolution of Poulenc's career with a wealth of accurate documentation and provocative observation. The author first traces Poulenc's family roots in Paris; his fervently Catholic ancestry and environment, responsible for the religious inspiration of many of his finest works; the early piano studies; Poulenc's associations with Erik Satie and Georges Auric, "the two musicians who were to have a far-reaching effect on his work."

Poulenc's initial attempt at composi-

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tion was a series of complex piano pieces, later labeled by the composer as "inferior imitations of Debussy and Stravinsky." Nonetheless, these gropings soon led Poulenc to a roaring and precocious triumph with his ironic "Rapsodie Nègre," presented in 1917 at a Paris concert of contemporary music. The work made a spectacular impression, and overnight the career of the eighteen-year-old composer was launched.

Extended fame came two years later, with the publication and instant popularity of those extraordinary spiced piano solos, "Mouvements perpétuels," followed by a sonata for piano duet which elicited from conductor Ernest Ansermet an appraisal well worth quoting: "These three movements establish new harmonic boundaries without unnecessary embroidery . . . showing a thoughtful knowledge of Stravinsky, but unmistakably French in spirit: they reveal something of the subtlety of Ravel, the joviality of Satie, and occasionally a spirit of abandon that recalls Chabrier."

Poulenc's musical gregariousness, his susceptibility to his affinities, and his respect for tradition have never ceased. Although they have steered him into some blind alleys, they have also helped to form his firm harmonic perspective, through which he has created a continuity of intense melodic expression and uniquely beautiful modulations. From his influences he has emerged a victorious individual, an unsurpassed contemporary master of the almost extinct art of classical songwriting.

The book utilizes Poulenc's developments and detours to span a fascinating period of French "modernism," from Satie, the naughty "*bon oncle*" of The Six, to Poulenc, the mature creator of "Les Dialogues des Carmélites," described by many critics not only as Poulenc's masterpiece but also as *the* masterpiece of contemporary opera. Opinion varies, of course. There are those who grant grudgingly Poulenc's melodic gift and craftsmanship, but who hold ineradicable impressions of his buffoonery, remembering primarily the facile, thumb-nosing parodies with which the whole "Groupe des Six" when they first banded together expressed rebellion against the "sauerkraut of Wagner" and the "cloudy mists of Debussy."

With deft strokes, M. Hell submits an eloquent brief as "counsel for the defense." He shows his "client" to be a cultured, charming personality and a musician of superb instincts and sound scholarship. He admits Poulenc's sporadic digressions into musical irony, explaining them as superficial phases

(*Continued on page* 50)

FICTION

The Conflicts of a Quiet World

"Kingdom Come," by Virginia Sorensen *(Harcourt, Brace. 497 pp. $5.75), is a leisurely novel of nineteenth-century Denmark following the arrival of Mormon missionaries. Chad Walsh is chairman of the English Department at Beloit College in Wisconsin and an editor of "The Beloit Poetry Journal."*

By Chad Walsh

VIRGINIA SORENSEN is serenely resistant to many of the tendencies in twentieth-century fiction; her latest novel, "Kingdom Come," has the amplitude of a book from the time of Dickens or Thackeray. A large cast of characters is developed in loving and lingering detail, while the story is told in chronological order, with no tricks played on time. The plot itself comes from the nineteenth century, and is set in Jutland, with some shifts back and forth to Copenhagen and Norway. The countryside, in which varied seasons weave in and out, plays a key role in establishing the evocative mood of the tale. One senses the feel, the color, the taste of rural Denmark, and the feel of a way of life that refuses to be rushed.

"Kingdom Come" is, however, considerably more than a travelogue set in the past. It has a strong story line, arising from two conflicts: the state church versus the newly-arrived Mormons, and the familiar strife of upper class against lower. The narrative threads about the national church, which, having once claimed its freedom by breaking away from Rome, has now become complacent, dogmatic, and intolerant of rivals. Mormon missionaries to Scandinavia, have been laughed at, stoned, and jailed. By the time the novel begins, the time of overt persecution is over; nominal freedom of religion exists, but informal persecution continues.

The other strand in the story concerns a poor farm boy, Svend Masden, and his love for Hanne, the carefree, pampered, but lovable daughter of his master. At this point the novel could easily degenerate into conventional bathos, but it does not. These characters ring true and engage the reader's interest. A good deal of the best writing centers around Hanne: the magical description of her confirmation celebration with all the relatives gathering, and the picture of a Danish Christmas with the adored Hanne at its center are examples.

The disparity in social rank looms immediately when Svend and Hanne realize they are in love. This is heresy, especially in the eyes of Hanne's mother. The heresy is compounded when Svend leaves the farm and then reappears—not only as a convert to the Latter Day Saints, but now an elder and prepared to preach in Jutland. Hanne's mother does her best—or worst—but, without any forcing of the plot, love's dream wins out. The two young people leave for America and the Utah valley, a trip that will take eight to nine months.

It is impossible to summarize this story without making the book sound like a lesser achievement than it is. The qualities that make it very good indeed are its warmth, its delicate understanding of love, its unobtrusive but sure craftsmanship; Miss Sorensen's characterizations are remarkable for precision and depth. Except when it digresses into long, discursive passages explaining Mormonism, this fresh and moving book rarely wears thin. For the most part, it weaves its spell, evoking the nuances of a world the reader has never known.

Virginia Sorensen

Alan Sillitoe

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Glimpses of a Shabby Gaiety

"The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner," by Alan Sillitoe *(Knopf. 176 pp. $3.50), a collection of short stories, chronicles the life of the dismal but undaunted working-class British. David Boroff frequently comments on English fiction for American magazines.*

By David Boroff

ALAN SILLITOE, author of the much-admired "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning," follows up his first novel with a sturdy collection of short stories. "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" puts the seal on his special talent as a sympathetic chronicler of England's working-class life.

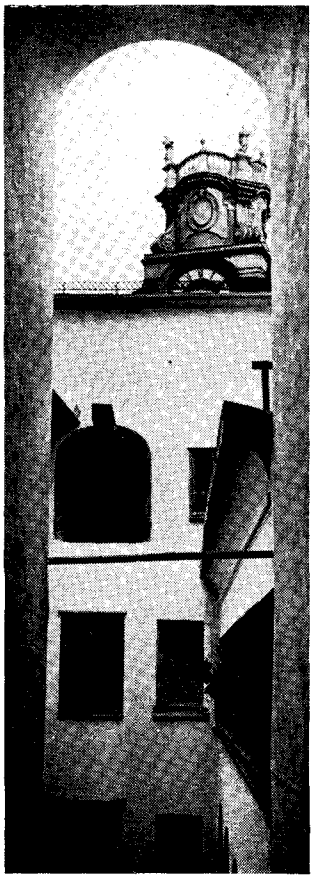
It is with some shock that we realize that he has no counterpart in America. We do have novels and short stories of low life, but they are part of a sleazy school of squalor and terror. It is also true that the Beats have some collateral relationships to working-class life (they appropriate its décor in any event) but, fundamentally, they are declassed. Sillitoe, on the other hand, offers an authentic and vivacious portrait, written from the inside, of what it means to be grubbily lower class in England's welfare state. Yet there is nothing sullen or dispirited about his lumpenproletarians. They have a certain gay audacity. Shabby, glued to their dismal "tellies" night after night, they nevertheless exhibit a traditional English vitality. Prosperity has evidently enfeebled our tradition of working-class literature, but in England it has flooded her proletarian writers with renewed passion, anger, and sympathy.

Sillitoe, who is only thirty-two, is an uneven writer. The title story is superb; the others range from the self-indulgent to the near-powerful. The author is sometimes betrayed by his own sentimentality as in "Uncle Ernest," in which a lonely, middle-aged man is deprived by suspicious police of his only pleasure: buying food and sweets for two little girls. But, at their best, the stories in this collection are tough, honest, and unrelenting.

A fairly long story, "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner" is sheer delight. It deals with a Borstal (reform school) boy with a flair for long-distance running. Track, he explains, has always been a family tradition, "especially running away from the police." The governor of his Borstal keenly wants him to win the inter-Borstal cross-country race, and the boy can if he chooses. But he has a mystique of class warfare. He sees himself as irreconcilably at war with "the In-law blokes, all on the watch for Out-law blokes like me and us—and waiting to phone for the coppers as soon as we make a false move." Respectable England to him is one vast graveyard, and he insists that he would rather be "always on the run and breaking into shops than have the whiphand over somebody else and be dead from the toenails up." Pitting his cunning against that of the "Pot-bellies in their posh seats," he gains a huge lead in the race and then blows the victory. He is punished for his insolent gesture, but, as he explains, that was his way of being honest. And his honesty is not the governor's kind. We also get glimpses of the decayed slum the boy comes from, of a slatternly mother and a stoic father.

The other stories, however, provide a grim counterpoint to the sunlit stretches of "The Long-Distance Runner." They limn the dark underside of working-class life—unrelieved images of the defeated and dispossessed. There is the postman who after twenty-eight years of listless life sadly concludes, "I was born dead . . . Everybody's dead." There is a wan suicide attempt, calm and methodical in the British manner, and there is a family break-up as the irritable aftermath of a soccer game, and then there is poor Frankie Buller, whose moment of glory came all too early in life when, with dustbin lid as a shield, he led his junior ruffians in a charge against enemy children.

With his robust sense of life and the authority with which he can evoke the working-class scene, Sillitoe gives promise of becoming an important writer.



Mozart's boyhood view of Salzburg's "Kollegienkirche"

In a handsome pictorial biography, "**Mozart**" (Viking, $6.50), Erich Valentin depicts the career of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart from his early days of triumph when he toured Europe as a famed musical prodigy to the final years of public neglect. Amply illustrated with photographs, this study records a lifetime balanced "between the sheltered existence of a Bach . . . and the unceasing, God-questing unquiet of a Beethoven."

Helbling's portrait of the prodigy

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The Fallacy of the Deterrent

HISTORICALLY, a prime purpose of military preparedness has been to enable a nation to fight back when attacked. A nation wanted to defend itself, to battle through to victory.

In today's world, however, the only possible function of military preparedness is to *prevent* war—without losing those things for which a nation would have fought in the past. For the moment war breaks out, no matter how complete the military preparedness may have been, the military policy has failed. Its principal function will have been shattered—along with everything else.

Conventional ideas of defending the homeland and preserving its values are meaningless. Of all the implications of atomic energy, none is more basic than this. And that is why the theory of the deterrent offers no reasonable hope of protecting a nation, its people, its freedoms.

At the heart of the deterrent theory, of course, is the belief that a potential enemy will be disinclined to attack if he knows the counterattack will be immediate and devastating. Advocates of the deterrent idea today also contend that the nation's military potential must in no way be modified or hindered by agreements on arms control or disarmament. Similarly, they regard any security activities of a world organization that impinge upon a nation's freedom of action in the field of arms and power as undesirable. Thus, restrictions on nuclear testing or the development of missiles are generally considered inconsistent with the requirements of a nation's security.

The main flaw in the deterrent theory, however, is that it does not deter. The possession by the Soviet Union of advanced nuclear weapons has not served as a deterrent to the United States in matters involving our national interests. The U.S. has not allowed fear of nuclear weapons to deter us from making clear that we were prepared to fight with everything we had to keep from being pushed out of Berlin. Nor has our own nuclear stockpile prevented the Soviet Union from pressing its demand that we pull out of Berlin. Each has attempted to convince the other that it is prepared to let fly with everything it owns rather than back down.

It is natural for a nation to display, not restraint, but a willingness to march to the brink when its national interests are threatened. Even when the threat is not a major one, there is a natural concern lest an unchallenged small threat lead to a larger one. In a world of anarchy, not deterrents but the compulsions of national sovereignty are the prime movers.

The announcement by one nation that it has achieved a military breakthrough in one field creates in the other nation not a mood of defeat but a blistering determination to match that particular weapon and surpass it. The United States possessed an atomic monopoly from 1945 to 1948. This period of monopoly coincided with the period of maximum Soviet aggressiveness and intransigeance. Similarly, the advent of the Soviet sputnik, with its portents of long-range rockets carrying nuclear bombs, did not cause the United States to ask for surrender terms. What it did was to light fires of determination in the United States to close the gap.

One nation's deterrent becomes the other nation's incentive. The fact of Soviet rocket supremacy has already led to various extreme counterproposals from the American military, by way of bolstering the deterrent against surprise attack. One such proposal has called for hundreds of American jet planes, fully loaded with nuclear explosives, to be in the air at all times and within ready striking distance of the Soviet Union. The object would be to avoid the destruction of our retaliatory capacity through a sudden attack and to insure the mobility of our striking force.

The practical effect of such a move, however, could be exactly the opposite from the one intended. First, the fact of hundreds of jet planes in the air will lead to even more extreme countermeasures. One could be in the form of dozens of earth-circling satellites, each loaded with hydrogen bombs. Another could take the form of high-speed submarines only a few hundred miles off the East and West coasts of the United States, each of them equipped with launching platforms for missiles carrying nuclear explosives.

Each side, meanwhile, has to reckon with the risk that a pilot or submarine commander may go berserk and make the decision that would start the full chain reaction. The possibility of an accident or a miscalculation grows in direct proportion to the distribution of the power and the means of instant use.

In 1957, a French pilot took it upon himself to bomb an Algerian village. He acted out of the highest impulses of patriotism. He felt his government was vacillating and that immediate action was necessary to save France's honor. It was within his power to act —and he acted. Would his decision have been any different if the power

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at his disposal had been greater? If he had been carrying a nuclear explosive instead of a TNT bomb, would he have controlled his impulse? Or would he have sought out a larger target?

The spiraling competition for military advantage carries with it ascending and accelerating tensions. The fear of surprise attack is the greatest single factor in the thinking and planning of the opposing military policies. The pressure will build up in each country to hit first rather than wait to be hit. The same logic that gave birth to the around-the-clock jet bomber and the nuclear-cocked satellite will argue that there is no choice except to take the final initiative. Thus, the deterrent leads to preventive or pre-emptive war. Since both countries have to contend with the same factors involved in surprise nuclear attack, each knows the other is considering the same antidotes; the very fact that each is even considering preventive war causes the other to move in that direction itself.

The incredible paradox is that both potential foes today seek security in the same terms. Each calls upon the other to be deterred by its striking power, yet both are becoming more insecure in direct proportion to the increase in their own power.

The theory of the deterrent marks the ultimate failure of unfettered national sovereignty. It represents the fullest indictment of national determination in an internationally anarchic world. Never in history has the sovereign state been more powerful or less secure. Its capacity for waging war has never been so great, nor its ability to protect itself so puny. In turning to the theory of the deterrent for protection, it invokes irrational force as the principal means of creating rational restraint. Far from inspiring great restraints, the deterrent produces jitters and hair triggers.

There is yet another fallacy to the deterrent theory. It assumes a static world. It assumes that everything will be kept under tight control, that upheavals in the making for more than a century will somehow remain quiescent. It does not take into account that the nuclear deterrent will not prevent social and political unrest and the consequent disturbance to the peace. People who have great grievances will be in the market for revolution until the grievances are met. The quest for independence of those nations that are now without it will not be subdued. The churnings and yearnings of the majority of the world's peoples will not take an indefinite holiday. Basic forces such as these will become violent if the means for effective peaceful change are lacking. We will not keep Communism or other ideologies from exploiting those forces just by calling attention to our nuclear deterrent. If we want to be effective in these situations, we shall have to come up with some relevant ideas.

The basic problem is with the term "national security." The term has a built-in contradiction. In the atomic age, no *national* security is possible. Either there is a workable *world* security system or there is nothing. Indeed, the efforts of the individual nations to achieve military supremacy or even adequacy are actually competitive and provocative in their effects.

Such being the case, how does a nation protect itself against aggression? How does it safeguard its freedom and its values?

The best chance—perhaps its only chance—for meeting these needs is through the development of a common security. The people who settled the American West found that the only workable answer to lawlessness was the adequate machinery of law. A single individual, no matter how well armed, was unable to defend himself and his family adequately. Only as enough individuals, acting together to create a consensus, also created specific machinery to deal with the anarchy did the anarchy subside. It is substantially the same in the world today. Only as the world's peoples see beyond the limitations of absolute sovereignty will they be able to deal with the volatile actions of the nations in the world arena.

A common security requires machinery. It requires new rules of the game. It requires new conditionings, new habits, new outlooks, new prospects, new allegiances. The new allegiances need not eliminate the old. They need only take into account the oldest fact in the world; namely, that man has the obligation to create a sane society for himself and to safeguard the essential conditions of his well-being.

For the individual who wants to know how he personally can serve such an abstract idea, the answer need not be vague. He can give it centrality in his own life; he can invest it with his active concerns; he can use the gift of communication to put the idea before others; he can find aspects of it that can come alive in his own experience. The question for the individual or the group is not whether we can achieve such goals. The question is whether we want to achieve them. We can have what we want.—N.C.

The Shooting

By Robert Pack

I SHOT an otter because I had a gun;
The gun was loaned to me, you understand.
Perhaps I shot it merely for the fun.
Must everything have meaning and be planned?

Afterwards I suffered penitence,
And dreamed my dachshund died, haunted by fright.
They look alike, you know, but that's coincidence.
One week later my dream was proven right.

At first I thought its death significant
As punishment for what I'd lightly done;
But good sense said I'd nothing to repent,
That it is natural to hunt for fun.

Was I unnatural to feel remorse?
I mourned the otter and my dog as one.
But superstition would not guide my course!
To prove that I was free I bought the gun.

I dreamed I watched my frightened brother die.
Such fancies worried me, I must admit.
But at his funeral I would not cry,
Certain that I was not to blame for it.

I gave my friend the gun because of guilt,
And knew then that my sanity was done.
On fear, he said, the myth of hell was built.
He shot an otter because he had a gun.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOWLING ALONG

GEORGE CECIL COWING'S note in THE PHOENIX NEST [*SR*, Mar. 19], in which he mentions a bonus of a set of Uncle Wiggily books received from the author, Howard R. Garis (my father), reminded me of *The New Yorker* article by Mr. Cowing which prompted my father to send him the books. . . .

The article amused my father. . . . It had, I believe, to do with a possible intrigue of passion between Uncle Wiggily and Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy. This suggestion might have startled anyone but my father into taking a new view of the gentleman rabbit's personality. But what it actually did was to solidify in my father's mind the utter indestructibility of Uncle Wiggily's virtue.

It may have been Mr. Cowing's article, at least in part, which served to stimulate my father into writing his Uncle Wiggily stories all these years, which Mr. Cowing speaks of as "bowling along." Although Mr. Cowing's son Cedric is now a professor (j. g.) of U. S. history, and probably has forgotten that the books were intended for him, Uncle Wiggily has not changed one whit.

My father, now eighty-seven, lives with my wife and me and our three children in Amherst. He writes the Uncle Wiggily stories each morning. Since they began to appear in newspapers over fifty years ago, some 16,000 have been published. . . .

So perhaps there is not so much bowling along of time. Or, if it does bowl, it has not made a strike on Uncle Wiggily.

ROGER GARIS.

Amherst, Mass.

THE ROAD TO EXCELLENCE

CLAUDE M. FUESS'S "The Retreat from Excellence" [*SR*, Mar. 26] came, by chance, just as I had finished reading Mill's essay "On Liberty." The two seemed to present essentially the same paradox: the triumph of mediocrity as a result of the triumph of equality. In his early career as a Utilitarian reformer Mill upheld the principle of equality as the key to liberty. At fifty-three he saw that the free development of the individual—the meaning of freedom in his famous essay—was "hardly recognized by the common modes of thinking, as having any intrinsic worth, or deserving any regard on its own account." The concern of gifted individuals like himself for the greatest happiness of the greatest number had boomeranged.

The original intention of providing educational opportunity for all, in accordance with their individual ability, has likewise boomeranged. Instead of trying to prevent the possibility of mute inglorious Miltons and village Hampdens being born only to waste their sweetness on the desert air of caste-bound society, education now—as "The Retreat from Excellence" suggests—does its best to plow under these mute unwanted Miltons and Hampdens lest they upset the program in "group adjustment."

Can America afford such distortion of Jefferson's famous phrase? "Each age," as Robert Frost says, "will have to reconsider it"—that "hard mystery of Jefferson's."

JOHN A. STUART.

Williamsport, Pa.

LET ME, a college senior, comment on "The Retreat from Excellence" by asking Dr. Fuess if motivation to excellence will ever arise solely from competition—and competition, at that, for *financial* reward. When has true excellence been stimulated by mere dollar signs? To force such a hypothesis here is characteristic, to my mind, of the fallacious thought that pervades materialistic America—that freed competition would ultimately produce a wealth of excellence.

Being a "good" plumber, a "good" custodian, a "good" teacher, a "good" officer—this excellence, irrespective of status, must forever be its own reward. There is no other reward, and never should be.

RICHARD N. HOWARD.

Rochester, N. Y.

CLAUDE M. FUESS'S "The Retreat from Excellence" was shockingly true, especially the part about mediocrity in the schools. As one of many teen-agers who have not been doing their best because of the low standards set in most classes, I have been shamed by this article and challenged to set my own high goals if no one else will.

BECKY REARDON.

Anderson, Ind.

WHILE COMMENDING "The Retreat from Excellence," by Claude M. Fuess, would it be ungracious to note his unwitting revelation of a great gap in American education? Probably nowhere but in America could it be written by an outstanding scholar, and published in a leading literary magazine, that "in our insistence that all men and women engaged in the same job should be compensated in the same amount, regardless of activity or quantity and quality of production, we have been moving toward the fundamental principles of Marxism."

Must one display total ignorance of Marxism to find acceptance as an American? How can America struggle effectively against Marxism when our most authoritative spokesmen constantly reveal that we have never taken the trouble to find out what are its "fundamental principles"? Perhaps the effort to re-establish academic standards of excellence should include a more discriminating judgment of Marx, whose real errors are overlooked in such wholesale misjudgments.

EARL BROWDER.

Yonkers, N.Y.

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TV AND RADIO

Both Sides and No Middle

THIS TIME you couldn't blame the networks. There was a play based on a story by Hemingway who is, as we all know, the straight and true Artist, and they did *not* put "Titus Andronicus" or the Dialogues of Plato opposite; there was a Western and "Sunset Strip" and boxing, and there was a special feature, the "TV Guide Award Show." Something for everybody.

In the first event, after an impressive beginning and a ravishing—but brief—performance by Janice Rule, this Hemingway number, like "For Whom the Bell Tolls," began to decompose into a parody of itself, and the straight and true critic could promise himself to look at the opposition and come back for the play's last half-hour.

The opposition turned out to be not only competitive, but hostile. Before the awards were announced on the "TV Guide Award Show," the program presented a series of sketches. For what I missed, I go to *TV Guide* itself: "Fred [MacMurray] is seen as a telephone lineman turned critic, a political candidate up for re-election, and a frustrated viewer [of television]. Nanette [Fabray] portrays a shopper who makes the mistake of going to the supermarket with a tyke who has been brought up on TV commercials, an unhappy mother who plays second fiddle to the TV set. . . ." And this is where I tuned in.

What followed was a little more complicated. There was, first, a conversation in the clipped manner between two snobs who wouldn't have a TV set in the house and who, finally, discover one another sneaking off to watch their favorite program—with a faintly ironic touch because their enthusiasms are all for the type of program parodied in the preceding sketch.

There was, second, a very queer bit indeed about a young man who has been prevented from seeing any television. He is egocentric, insufferable, obviously neurotic, and probably homosexual—and all this is ascribed to the single fact that he was not permitted to know the harsh reality of life as presented by television. For this the MC half apologized (we might have found it, he said, a bit one-sided), and the business of making the awards began.

In some ways these awards may be the most accurate reflection of preferences we can get. *TV Guide* ran a series of invitations to its readers; they were direct appeals to self-interest, as if in opposition to the professional measurements of popularity. The top five shows in each category were selected, and then the readers picked the winners.

The award winners, except in one instance, tell us less than the spectrum from which they were chosen. The real significance of the choice of "Father Knows Best" for the first place is that it outran the four next most popular programs: "Gunsmoke," "Hennesey," "The Real McCoys," and "Twilight Zone" (it is interesting that "Twilight Zone" got into the first five). As a second triumph for the innocuous (and the non-Western), "Perry Mason" won over "Wagon Train" and "Bonanza" (and over "77 Sunset Strip" and "The Untouchables"). To make sure that we understood, Raymond Burr, the star of "Perry Mason," was chosen as the most popular male personality—his rivals were Perry Como and Ernie Ford, whose salt-content hardly differs from his—and also Garry Moore and Jack Paar, who are known to be sharp at times. Loretta Young was the most popular female personality.

It is not entirely the fault of *TV Guide* that its jibes at the intellectuals were wide of the mark. The *Guide* has itself published an impressive lot of intellectual—mostly hostile—criticism of television in the past eight months, and on matters of public policy its editorial slant must pain the National Association of Broadcasters. The critics, including myself, haven't always made themselves clear. We have too often made our target the producers instead of our own consumers.

We, critics and intellectuals alike, have failed to create the middle power. We are left with producers, on one side, who consider us their enemies and, on the other, an audience which has to choose between "Father Knows Best," "Gunsmoke," "Perry Mason," and the rest because, on the whole, nothing better is offered, nothing better is demanded.

Still, there is "The Turn of the Screw." Is it possible that we, ineffectuals as well as intellectuals, had something to do with the fact that it was offered, seen, and applauded? Weren't we asking for it fifteen years ago?

—GILBERT SELDES.

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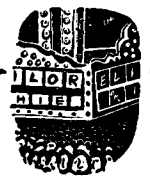


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Matter of Attitude

THE INFLAMMATORY racist issue dominates two new "adult Westerns," but neither seems calculated to outrage the white supremacists. One wonders why. Why make a picture that handles hot, controversial material in a manner that either blunts the edge or reduces everything to a noncontroversial cliché? The simplest explanation, of course, would be to charge blind reaction, and substantiate it with sinister twists of plot and dialogue. (The Indians in John Huston's **"The Unforgiven,"** for example, are referred to repeatedly as "red-hide niggers.") But the simplest explanation is invariably too simple for a medium as complex and contradictory as the motion picture. What seems more likely is that the producers, directors, and writers failed to think through the implications of their themes. They had ideas, but lacked a point of view.

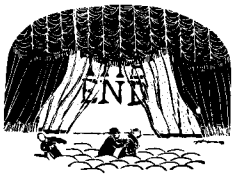
One need not attempt to disentangle all the skeins that are threaded through (and occasionally lost) in the plot complications of "The Unforgiven." It is sufficient to observe that the main line develops the story of a beautiful foundling (Audrey Hepburn), an Indian girl growing up in a community that hates and fears the Indian. Although her origins have been kept from her, there are others who know, and demand that she be returned to her people, the savage Kiowas. The Indians know too, and want her back, for she is the sister of their chief. But her adopted mother (Lillian Gish) and her adopted brother (Burt Lancaster) are stubborn people. They have raised the girl and love her even though she is an Indian. In the end she fully justifies their confidence by shooting down her real brother when the Kiowas attack.

Obviously, the screen writer, Ben Maddow, is trying to convey something important through all of this. The blind, unreasoning hatred of a human being because of the color of his skin is wrong, he seems to be saying. (Maddow did the adaptation of Faulkner's "Intruder in the Dust" a few years back.) And love, not blood, is thicker than water, he adds. Now, both of these are admirable and elevating sentiments, but in the context of this story they seem curiously lacking in force or validity. The film finds nothing wrong in the fact that a white family stole an Indian baby; because they gave it love and a good home, presumably everything is fine. And the Indian girl is asked to express her gratitude by killing her brother. It is tempting to speculate what kind of denouement would have been provided had she been a white baby stolen by Indians.

Nor does John Huston's direction do anything to strengthen the point of view. The reasons for the Texas settlers' unremitting hatred of the Indians are muffled; and Joseph Wiseman, the vengeful saddle-tramp who reveals the secret of the girl's shameful origins, remains a man of mystery throughout. Characters appear and disappear with startling abruptness, suggesting that large chunks of the script were whacked out in the final editing. Sequences begin without motivation and end without resolution. "The Unforgiven," handsome and ambitious, proves ultimately as flabby in execution as in conception.

LIKE "The Unforgiven," John Ford's **"Sergeant Rutledge"** is set in that troubled period just after the Civil War, when so many of our democratic concepts were strained and tested. "Rutledge" tells, through many labored flashbacks, of the trial of a Negro noncom suspected of rape and murder. Although his commanding officer (Jeffrey Hunter) is convinced of his innocence, the good people of Fort Linton are in the mood for a lynching and crowd the rear of the courtroom, ropes in hand. But as the trial unfolds, as the evidence mounts—the sergeant defended a white girl against an Apache attack, acted with superhuman bravery in a patrol skirmish, met each misadventure with tact and ingenuity—the case against him falls apart. Unfortunately, so does the picture. Our man is too clearly a paragon, the charges against him too obviously trumped up, the prejudiced opposition too patently stereotyped. And, finally, there is the unavoidable suspicion that the sergeant has won out simply because, to use a popular Southernism, "he knows his place." But Woody Strode, as the beleaguered Rutledge, wins both sympathy and admiration with his innate dignity and imposing frame.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

November Song

GORE VIDAL's **"The Best Man"** will make American audiences think about politics and will provide them with many routine satisfactions in the process. Venturing into the precarious realm of prophecy, the playwright places the action of his new play in a hotel that is housing rival candidates for the Presidential nomination; the time is this summer. One candidate, Bill Russell, closely resembles Adlai Stevenson, although he is saddled with a fictitious rumor of promiscuity with women, and a past nervous breakdown. The other, Joe Cantwell, reminds one of Richard Nixon, except that he is charged with having built a reputation on an overpublicized crusade against the Mafia in American gangsterism, and with having been involved in a homosexual incident while in the army. This much of the play is propaganda and melodrama, and no right-minded theatregoer will take these elements as gospel. But when Art Hockstader explodes into the picture, the play gets down to real business. This Truman-like ex-President, who calls himself "the last of the great hicks," doesn't care about the private morality of the candidates. His all-important endorsement will go to the candidate who he believes will make the most effective President. However, he insists upon keeping the candidates guessing. He tells Russell, whom he likes personally much better than Cantwell, that both candidates have approximately the same stand on the important issues (i.e., they both believe in recognizing Red China), but that Cantwell has a better sense of timing, and in a crisis would act promptly rather than be immobilized by complex thoughts and philosophizing. Russell understands this, but Cantwell does not and tries to blackmail Hockstader into supporting him.

Hockstader is not so concerned about Cantwell's ethically disgraceful plan to sling mud, as he is about the fact that the decision to do so shows that Cantwell misjudged the ex-President's real intention, and is therefore not a good judge of character. And here Hockstader lays down the new law for modern Presidents. Anything goes, as long as you are right in your judgments.

Now we begin to see the truest part of Mr. Vidal's writing. Underneath the conventional reportorial melodrama which he has felt obliged to construct, there is visible a slow-burning contempt for the deteriorating ways of contemporary America. "How you going to keep them down on the Senate, after they've been on TV?" is a neat capsule criticism of the way this new medium has become the tail that swings the Congressional dog. Mr. Vidal also scores the fact that elections have become popularity contests. And he deplores the necessity for politicians to "spread God over everything like catsup." In "The Best Man" he even shows that Russell, who doesn't believe in a hereafter (but rather that the doing of a good act sets off a series of other good acts and thus brings "immortality" to the doer) is more human than Cantwell, who does. Because he does, he needs to sell himself on the rightness of his sins *after* committing them.

In the last act, when Hockstader has been conveniently removed from the action he so colorfully dominates, Mr. Vidal can end his play in one of several ways—noble victory for Russell, ignoble victory for Russell, ignoble victory for Cantwell, or a canceling out of both in favor of a blank face that may be filled in simply by giving it power and responsibility. Because "The Best Man" is not trying to be a great play, its ending is at the moment interesting food for conjecture, but it may have to be changed in November.

Under Joseph Anthony's fluid direction, Lee Tracy nicely blends his twinkling showmanship with the serious demands of the role of the battling ex-President, and Melvyn Douglas makes the transition from pseudo-Harding to pseudo-Stevenson without a bump. Frank Lovejoy's pseudo-Nixon is deliberately devoid of the charm which might mask the process of self-deception Mr. Vidal wants to show us. And Kathleen Maguire is devastatingly accurate as the cheap Mrs. Cantwell.

Will "The Best Man" change the minds of the many voters who see it in the next seven months? I don't think so. Nor is it apt to change the characters of any of the politicians. It is a small visit to a big subject, and one hopes that with this second popular hit in two tries, Mr. Vidal will now attempt a more fully committed attack on the things he seems to feel strongly about.

—HENRY HEWES.

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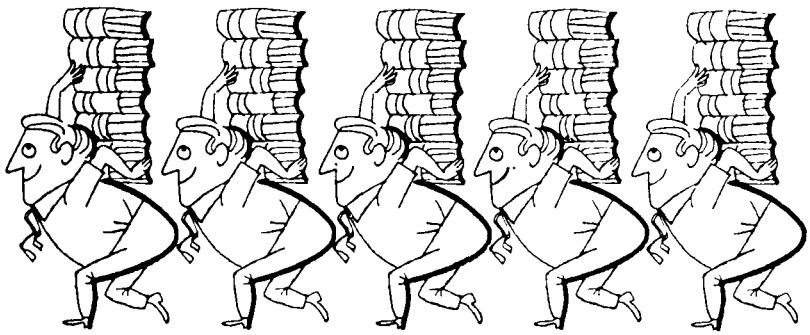

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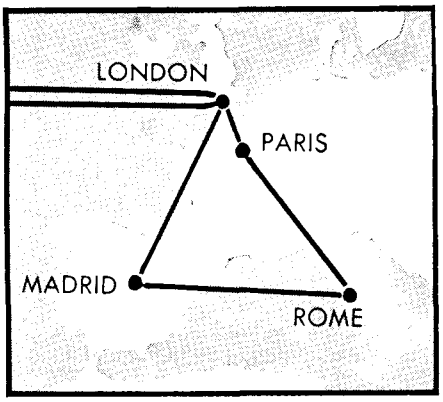

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CARS AND CRUISES: The most original idea in cruising that we have heard in many a moon-shot is the plan of a Scandinavian ship coming here next winter which will take aboard cruise passengers and their cars. While the shipping people have some doubts about the road conditions in the West Indies, they are delving into the problem with representatives of the American Automobile Association. What we foresee are some homemade excursions to the rain forests of Puerto Rico, automobilists getting lost trying to find Magen's Bay in St. Thomas, and some shaken drivers who try to climb the heights to Haiti's Kenscoff, high above the madding alleys of Port-au-Prince. Roads don't seem to us to be the problem in the West Indies, for we remember them as passably good almost everywhere. But we see some snags in providing guides and directions, and we see some bottlenecks moving 140 cars—that's what she'll hold—back and forth at each stop. It's going to be nifty for shopping, hell on traffic in narrow West Indian streets, and if you're left on the dock with 2,000 pounds of automobile you might as well stay there and take out permanent papers.

OLE, U.S.A.: In case you were taking our national parks for granted, they are well appreciated by visitors from abroad. Especially the Spaniards. Coming this month is a new book entitled "Parques Nacionales Nortamericanos," published in Madrid in Spanish and all about U.S. national preserves. It is the work of Luis Bolin, a tall and distinguished-looking Madrileño who is president of the European Travel Commission in the United States and divides his time between the Spanish Embassy in Washington and his other home in Madrid. He has visited twenty-eight of our twenty-nine parks and any number of national monuments, which do not, however, count in his box score. He has even visited our newest park in St. John, the Virgin Islands. The missing one? Hawaii, but he'll make that during the annual World Travel Congress of the American Society of Travel Agents, which is scheduled for Honolulu this fall.

TELEGRAPHED PUNCHLINES: Associated Hotels Limited is an entente of seven London hotels, five of which have provided themselves with cable addresses we think everybody ought to know about. To reach the Parkway on Inverness Terrace, address the cable to Invitingu, London. The Westway's address is Restuwell, Wescent, London; the Queensway is reachable care of Kweensotel, Padd, London. The Southway on Gillingham Street S.W.1 goes under the telegraphic title of Welcommu, Sowest, London. So far, so good, but what about the Shaftesbury on Monmouth Street W.C.2? To wire for reservations there, just cable Unafraid, Westcent, London.

TELEPHONED RESERVATIONS: This is not going to endear us to the American Society of Travel Agents, but here is the story. Travel agent told a lady we know that he could not get her reservations at the Royal Monçeau in Paris on the dates she desired. Lady picked up the phone, called the Reservations Manager, Royal Monçeau in Paris (telephone number CAR. 78-00). A few minutes later the chap was on the line, said, "*Allo, oui,*" said he would be pleased to give the lady a room on the date she wanted. One week later the confirmation came by mail. This lady told a friend of hers who was having trouble getting into the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong. *Her* travel agent had told her impossible. Second lady's husband, a sport, picked up the phone, asked for the reservations manager, Peninsula Hotel, Hong Kong. Call came through a few hours later. Voice on other end said okay for the dates specified. The mailed confirmation is expected any post. Cost of the calls in both cases, about $12 plus tax. What both parties want to know is, how come?

VISA-VIE: In our annual world travel issue, which was published on January 9 this year, we carried a feature called "The U.S.A. as a Touristland," a part of which has caused some concern with our State Department. Inspired by the President's proclamation of 1960 as "Visit U.S.A." year, the piece listed likely places for tourists to visit, as nominated by some fifteen prominent Americans. While State did not object, at least volubly, to the nominations, it did bristle, visibly too, at the introductory paragraphs in which we scored the various handicaps which do little, we said, to encourage a foreigner to come here. We got our information from firsthand observation, from discussions with a number of foreign tour-

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ists, including Russians (see *SR*, Nov. 1, 1958), and from a letter sent from the president of the AAA to the then appointed, but unconfirmed, Secretary of Commerce, the Honorable Lewis Strauss. With the letter was enclosed a copy of a questionnaire which the AAA president, Frederick T. McGuire, Jr., assumed was now being required of foreigners seeking to become tourists here. It asked a great number of incredible questions and, like Mr. McGuire, we were shaken by it. So was a member of Congress who had the McGuire letter to Strauss, as well as the questionnaire form, inserted in the Congressional Record. As it turned out, the form was one required only of those seeking to emigrate here, and it was obsolete anyway. In truth, the present ones are not a whole lot better, but before we get into that we think it only fair to let the State Department have equal time; its statement, sent to us by John W. Hanes, Jr., Administrator, Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs, follows:

> I have read with care an article which appeared on Page 27 of the *Saturday Review* of January 9, 1960, under the title "The U.S.A. as a Touristland."
>
> Of particular interest to me are the following sentences:
>
> 1. "Despite the President's intention and the obvious political and economic advantages of persuading foreigners to visit us, the handicaps are all but insurmountable to any but the most determined."
>
> 2. "Although we have lifted the fingerprint requirements, our incredible visa procedure still poses discouraging delays and obstacles for well-intentioned visitors."
>
> 3. "Russian citizens, whom we should be particularly interested in enticing to our shores, have to present themselves in person at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow when applying for a visa."
>
> I find it somewhat difficult to understand the factual basis of these comments on the subject of travel to the United States so far as they relate to the visa function.
>
> Specifically, the sentences numbered 1 and 2 above just do not agree with the facts. Our statistics show that consular officers issued and revalidated 595,079 nonimmigrant visas in the fiscal year 1959 and that this number should rise to some 660,000 in the fiscal year 1960 even if the number of issuances in the last six months of the year is no greater than in the first six months. Actually, we expect the final 1960 figure to be considerably higher. The Immigration and Naturalization Service, furthermore, reports that it admitted 1,024,945 nonimmigrants in the fiscal year 1959.
>
> Inasmuch as at least half of the visas we issue are valid for four years and any number of entries, we estimate that at any given time at least one million foreign nationals have in their possession visas valid to come here whenever they please. Reports from our consular officers abroad indicate that this represents a high proportion of persons who have the leisure, means, and desire to make the relatively expensive transoceanic voyage.
>
> I do not believe that there is any "insurmountable" or even "discouraging" handicap to a visit to this country by a genuine tourist.
>
> We do, however, have one difficult problem in some places owing to the fact that permanent immigration into this country is not possible immediately (or even within a relatively short period) by many persons who desperately want to live in the United States, but who come from countries with small or oversubscribed immigration quotas. It is an unfortunate but true fact, therefore, that such persons often try to enter this country posing as tourists or visitors although actually they intend to remain permanently. Once physically here, they can and do utilize our lengthy judicial processes to stay on for years, and often permanently. Under the law, our consular officers are responsible for properly classifying applicants for visas as immigrants or nonimmigrants. It is important that they do so, not only to carry out the law, but also to maintain the reputation of the United States and of the fairness and equity of our administration of law in the eyes of all the other intending immigrants who are patiently and properly awaiting their turn under the quota.
>
> The few cases of difficulty regarding nonimmigrant visas, of which *Saturday*

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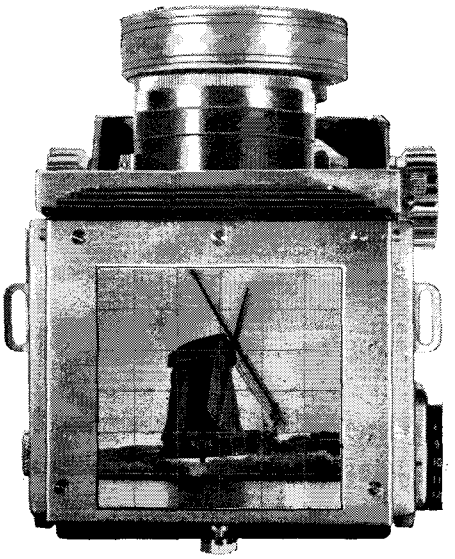

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Review may have heard, almost undoubtedly revolve about one of three principal types of situations:

(1) The applicant appears from all the available evidence actually to be an intending immigrant rather than a nonimmigrant as defined in the law. Some applicants can produce additional evidence to demonstrate that they are genuine nonimmigrants; others cannot. The majority of the difficult cases fall under this heading.

(2) The applicant, although a genuine tourist, is known to be ineligible to receive a visa under the law. Examples might be a person who had been convicted of a crime; or who has tuberculosis; or who is a member of the Communist party. Another section of the law, however, provides a procedure whereby even these ineligibilities may be waived by the Attorney General upon recommendation by the Secretary of State or by the consular officer. This waiver procedure is frequently used where the merits of the case justify it.

(3) The applicant does not have a passport valid for six months beyond the date of his proposed departure from the United States as required by law. Still another section of the law, however, has enabled us to set up a convenient procedure whereby this difficulty may be eliminated by waiving the passport requirement in the individual case.

I would like to emphasize that very few tourists find themselves in any of the situations outlined above.

With reference to the third sentence I quoted from the article, I should point out that the Soviet Government, by its own laws, strictly controls all visa applications made by its nationals. If and when the Soviet Government decides that one of its nationals may be allowed to apply for a visa, either immigrant or nonimmigrant, to come to the United States, the Soviet Foreign Office delivers that individual's passport with exit visa and application for visa to the American Embassy.

Our law requires the personal appearance of a visa applicant before a consular officer, who must be satisfied as to the identity and visa eligibility of each person. Since we have been unable to arrange consular representation in Soviet territory outside Moscow, a trip to Moscow becomes necessary for each traveler, as stated by *Saturday Review*.

We have, whenever possible, offered to send one of our consular officers anywhere in the Soviet Union to issue nonimmigrant visas if a sufficient number of Soviet nationals is leaving from the same area on a journey to the United States.

The limiting factor is, however, not our procedure but the rigid system of exit permits and control of visa applications for foreign travel exercised by the Soviet Government over all the persons it claims as nationals.

I hope that the foregoing discussion

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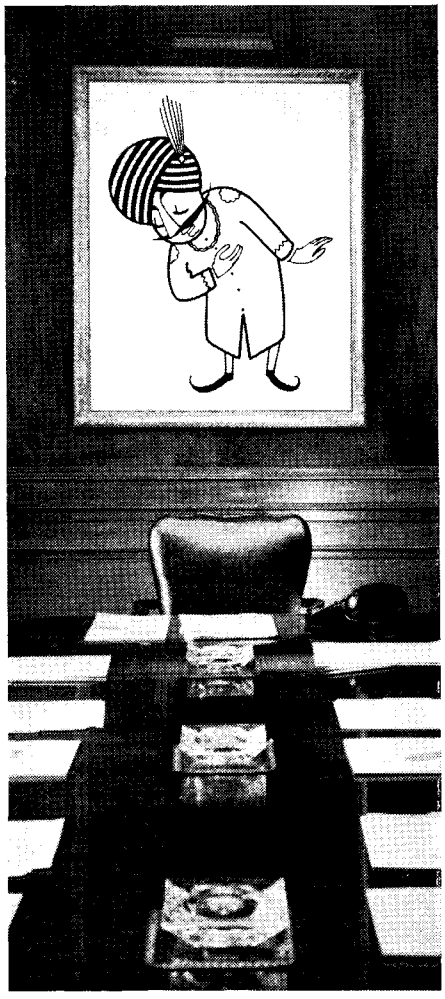
will be of assistance to *Saturday Review* in evaluating the relation of the visa function to tourist travel to the United States, and that you will wish to print it. I also hope that it may stimulate more discussion and perhaps useful suggestions about this important subject, both of which we will welcome and appreciate.

I would like to emphasize that the Department of State, our Visa Office, and our consular officers abroad are equally enthusiastic, as is the *Review*, to put real meaning into the Presidentially proclaimed "Visit America Year"—both in 1960 and thereafter.

There is no doubt in our minds that the State Department would indeed like to put real meaning into "Visit U.S.A." year, both in 1960 and hereafter, but it is hampered by the law. Its regulations merely implement the law, and, the way the statutes stand now, here is what is required of a tourist seeking to visit the U.S.A. If he presents himself in person at a consular office which is authorized to issue visas he fills out a 3x5 card called a Form FS 257, which asks for name, address, personal description, marital status, and the length and purpose of his stay. However, if the consular agent is unsure of the applicant then a twelve-question form must be submitted. This long form, which comes complete with two pages of instructions, asks, among other things, for every place the applicant has resided for six months since he was sixteen, and for a list of organizations to which he has belonged since the age of sixteen. He must also affirm that he has had no mental illness, will not become a public charge, has no criminal background, nor intends to come to the U.S. to commit immoral acts. He must assure the consul that U.S. laws prohibiting entrance into the U.S. to commit subversive activity do not apply to him.

If his own government charges U.S. citizens for visas, we charge him. If his own government does not require a visa of U.S. citizens, we do not charge him for the visa he must get from us.

So much for the State Dept. and the Immigration and Naturalization Service. There remains the Treasury Department, which requires its customs agents to search each of the arriving tourist's bags. And a week before leaving the U.S.A. there is still the final chore of checking in with the Internal Revenue Service, where our invited guests must present their passport and obtain a tax clearance form No. 2063 indicating they made no taxable income while here. If these are not discouraging delays and obstacles for well-intentioned visitors, then I am Representative Francis E. Walter of Pennsylvania. —HORACE SUTTON.



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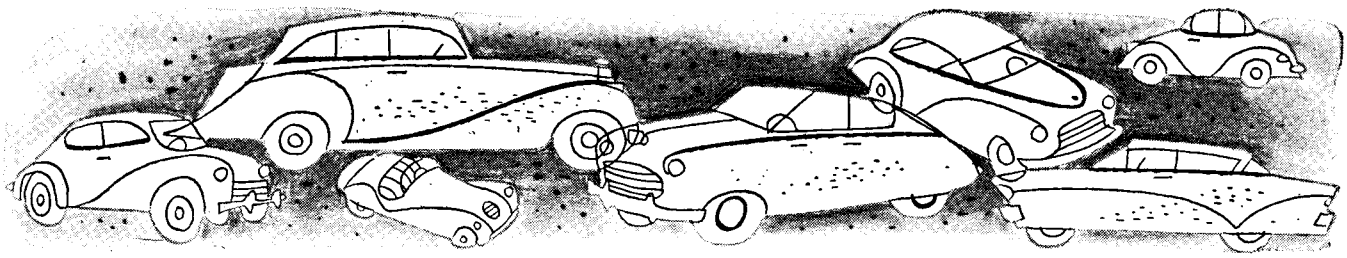
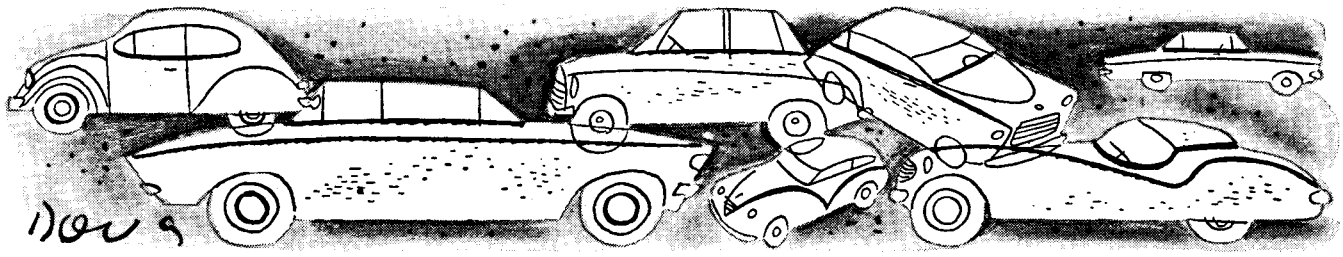


1960 CARS:

GLOBAL SHIFT IN TASTE AND DESIGN



By KEN PURDY, *author of numerous books and articles on the automotive scene, including "The Wonderful World of the Automobile," published last month.*

A MAJOR transformation in automobile production and design, bringing changes that are likely to rival any of the industry's previous shifts, may be just around the corner. It is not only a revolution in size and shape, in speed and horsepower, but an upheaval that may well produce a historic realignment in the world automobile market; it may prove in the end to have consequences that will cause a basic readjustment in an industry that is our economy's main supporting timber.

Already, the United States is importing more automobiles than it is exporting. Since foreign cars began to invade the American market just a few years ago, the balance has gradually shifted, and for all we know the scales may tip still further.

For a forecast of what lies ahead for the automobile industry—and for the American economy—no better laboratory exists than the Fourth International Automobile Show, which opened at the New York Coliseum this week. Here, in microcosm, are some important signs that suggest what may be awaiting us.

In the number of exhibitors and diversity of products on view, it is the biggest automobile show ever mounted in this country; public interest is more sharply focused upon it than heretofore; and observers concerned with the vitality of the automotive industry are particularly curious to discover the trends it will surely demonstrate, since the exhibition comes at a time of turmoil and change.

The Fourth International is stunning in its range. The old-fashioned prewar domestic motor shows compare but thinly with it. We were used to seeing a number of essentially similar automobiles, with narrow ranges in size, performance, and price, since American automobiles were, in the prewar years as today, basically similar in design. But the Coliseum show, since it reflects the world market, is splendidly diversified; indeed, there are variations on the theme of private transportation that will be wholly new to many viewers.

All of the American-built compact cars have taken space at the Coliseum, and their presence emphasizes the dramatic crisis now intriguing observers of the industry. The percentage of the world market held by the United States has been declining for ten years, while the European makers' percentage has been increasing. If the present trend continues, in 1962 European factories will outproduce us for the first time.

Here is a portentous development indeed. It cannot be called news, since the emerging pattern has been clear for a decade; but because the battle could not be joined until the Detroit-built compact cars came on the scene, the issue has not heretofore been clear.

The astonishing rate of increase in foreign-car importation can easily be shown without heavy use of statistics. In 1954 we imported *one* automobile from Sweden. In 1959 the two Swedish producers, SAAB and Volvo, sent 28,500 units to the United States.

England moved from 25,632 to 156,597 units from 1954 to 1958, and in 1959 the grand total of imported cars was 668,000.

In 1954 we exported 173,312 automobiles, but in 1959 only 104,000-odd. (Oil-rich Venezuela took the biggest package: 19,000 units.)

There are two mitigating factors: (1) The figures cited are for automobiles as units. When completed automobiles *and parts* are considered, the dollar value of our exports notably *exceeds* that of our imports: (2) about 29 per cent of foreign automobiles sold here were built by American-owned plants

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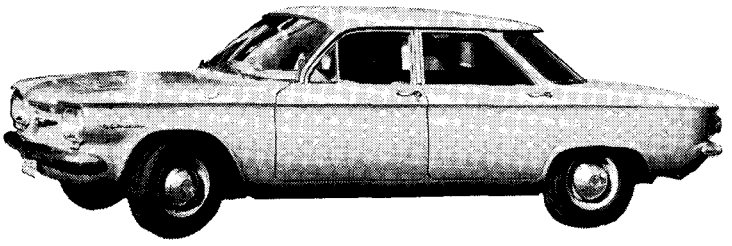
abroad: English Ford and German Taunus (Ford), French Simca (Chrysler), English Vauxhall and German Opel (General Motors). A percentage of the money we spend to buy these cars ultimately returns.

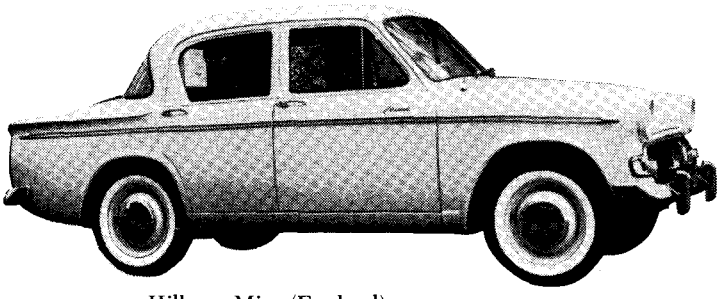
It is the ability to overlook the crucial economic importance of the auto industry that enables most of those who criticize the Detroit product to function. They argue that Detroit cars are esthetically bad (which many of them are) and deficient in longevity (equally true), without taking into account the primary facts of our economic life, which are that to maintain the present level of prosperity, we must build between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 new automobiles a year; and that in order to sell these, we must send to the scrapyards some 4,000,000 old ones annually. It is necessary, therefore, that many of them be built to dubious and elastic esthetic standards—standards easy to change every two years or so. It is also desirable that our cars have something less than the working life of a steam locomotive. (Any reasonably good automobile, domestic or foreign, if given detailed maintenance by an intelligent owner of modest mechanical ability, will run trouble-free for a decade, and run well for twenty years, but, fortunately for the economy, such maintenance is rare among Americans.) Until quite recently, European manufacturers encouraged owner-maintenance of a high order, as American makers did once upon a time. In Great Britain particularly, these urgings toward conservation took firm root, with the result that the British Isles were carpeted with ancient vehicles running stolidly and silently long past their allotted life spans. Transatlantic makers have now begun to see the light, and no gift of prophecy is required to foresee that the thick manuals and complete tool kits supplied with many foreign cars will soon be omitted. Rolls-Royce longevity is legendary, and properly so (although the cars now being built in Crewe will not last as long as have the old Silver Ghosts and Phantom I's) but it must be remembered that the manufacture of automobiles is to Messrs. Rolls-Royce largely a public relations operation ancillary to their main endeavor, the making of military, industrial, and aircraft engines. It is not required that the Rolls-Royce automobile division make a big profit, or indeed any profit at all. This is one reason the car represents such great value for the price.

When one of the 34,000 American automobile dealers sees too many shiny new units standing unsold in his storage yard, the shiver that runs up his spine may be premonitory of severe temblors

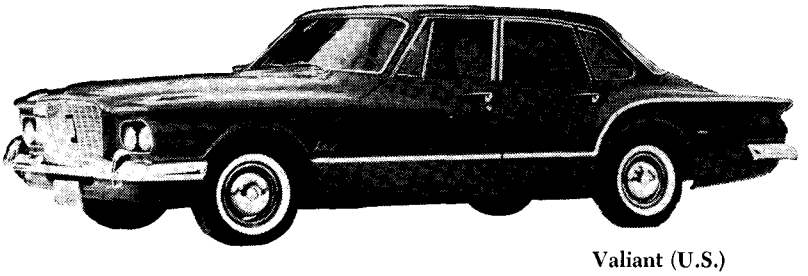
1960's Cars Reflect a Changing World Market



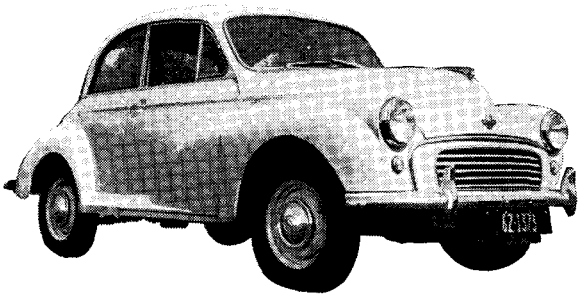
Corvair (U.S.)



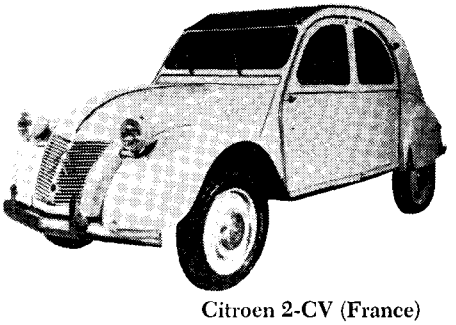
Hillman Minx (England)



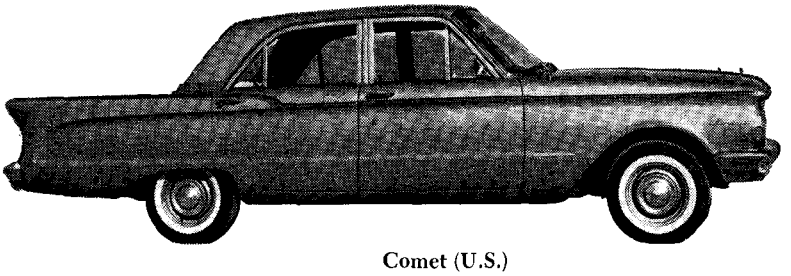
Valiant (U.S.)



Morris 1000 (England)



Citroen 2-CV (France)



Comet (U.S.)

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in the land. The six automobile makers run forty-five plants in thirty-four cities and eighteen states. This complex constitutes an industry that uses more steel, glass, rubber, and upholstery leather than any other. General Motors alone buys from more than 27,500 firms, and not just such staples as steel and rubber; invoices are made for ping-pong balls, hair nets, pigeon traps, undertakers' gloves, and apricot pits. Incidentally, 19,800 G.M. suppliers employ fewer than 100 persons each, and 12,300 of them have fewer than twenty-five employees. When an industry whose root-system is so widespread loses to competitive interests some 28 per cent of a market in ten years, concern is justified.

An indication of the vitality of foreign car manufacturers lies in the range of their products. There's something for everyone at the Coliseum.

A French treatment of the economy car is a case in point: the Citroen 2-CV, or *deux chevaux-vapeur*, or two steam-horses, or two horsepower (fourteen, by the U.S. standard). This may be the ugliest motorcar in the world. Certainly it would be included in any list of the three ugliest, but among those frugal Frenchmen who know economy best it is chronically in short supply because it is cheap to buy (only $1,295 even in New York), costs almost nothing to run, and is splendidly reliable under maltreatment. The 2-CV admirably performs the primary function of the automobile: transportation.

The expenditure of an additional $25,000 will procure a Rolls-Royce limousine new in more ways than one: the model Phantom V marks the British firm's return to the V-8 engine it first tried in 1905. This is a large automobile at twenty feet in length and three tons in weight, and its purveyor, Mr. J. S. Inskip, dean of American imported car dealers, suggests its suitability as a carriage for heads of state and really important corporate entities.

Fast automobiles to feed the still-growing sports car mania are shown in profusion: the MG, the Alfa-Romeo, the FIAT-Abarth, the Jaguar, the Thunderbird, the Austin Healey, the Corvette, Porsche, and Mercedes-Benz. High-performance motorcars are on view: the Aston Martin DB4 and the Ferrari Super America 410, for example. These are luxurious hard-top coupes. The Aston Martin, at $9,870, is sold with a guarantee that its acceleration, road adhesion, and braking power are such that it will run from standstill to 100 miles per hour to standstill in twenty seconds, and it does in fact perform this staggering feat. The Ferrari 410 costs $17,600, with fitted luggage extra, and will exceed 150 miles per hour by, as the British tester's cliché has it, "a useful margin."

The Dutch have sent to the Colise-

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um the DAF, a small car fitted with a fully automatic transmission using variable pulleys instead of gears. Hillman of England is showing the first small car equipped with a geared automatic transmission; this one works, and very well, on a couple of tablespoonsful of magnetized iron filings, a system devised by the U.S. Bureau of Standards. There is an amphibious automobile, the Amphicar, and a new house-automobile, the Travelcar. In all, one may see some sixty makes, some of them—Humber, Morris, Jaguar, Rover, Deutsch-Bonnet, and Volvo—in models not yet shown elsewhere. Accessory manufacturers and other allied firms are on hand in great number.

It is commonly held that the European and the American automobile markets are much different. This was true before the last war, but the degree of difference is less today. It is probable that the American export market declined for the same reasons that the import market rose: distaste for really big automobiles and reluctance to pay prices that increased every year. The American automobile is awkward to handle in many parts of Europe, and most Europeans cannot afford to keep it in gasoline, while the European automobile has restored to Americans the sensuous pleasure we used to know in motoring, and its lower costs have fitted the recent tendency to adopt status symbols other than the automobile.

Clearly one side had to compete on the other's terms; or, rather, both sides had to compete in the growing, not the declining, segment of the market. This appears to be the small car market; hence the decision of the Big Three to follow American Motors' Rambler lead into the making of "compact" automobiles. To students familiar with the historical pattern, this decision appeared to be inevitable as far back as 1949, but it was an economically unpleasant one, and it was postponed. Much hinges now upon the acceptance of the compacts by the world market. They have already been accepted by domestic buyers, but it is significant that they have appeared to eat into "big car" rather than imported car sales. The Coliseum show will offer indication of their attractiveness vis-à-vis the best competing machines from the rest of the world—East Germany, Czechoslovakia, and the Soviet Union included. (China's new Hungchi sedan will not be shown.)

As clear in 1960 as the inevitability of the small U.S. car was in 1949 is the necessity for Detroit to go beyond the present compact car to yet smaller models. The Corvair, the Valiant, the Comet, the Dart, the Lark, and the

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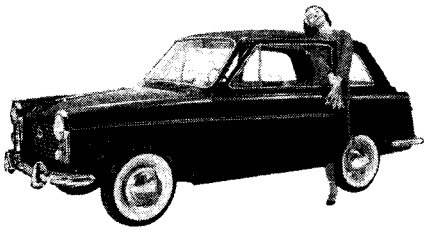

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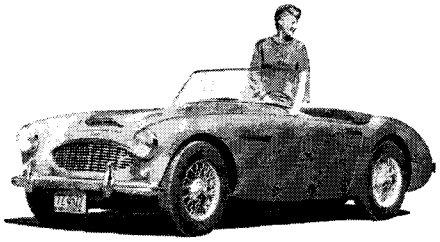

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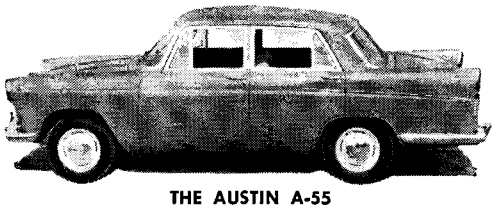

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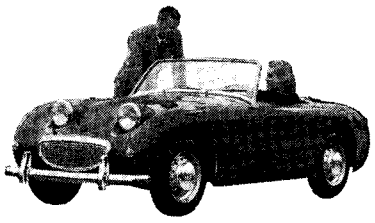

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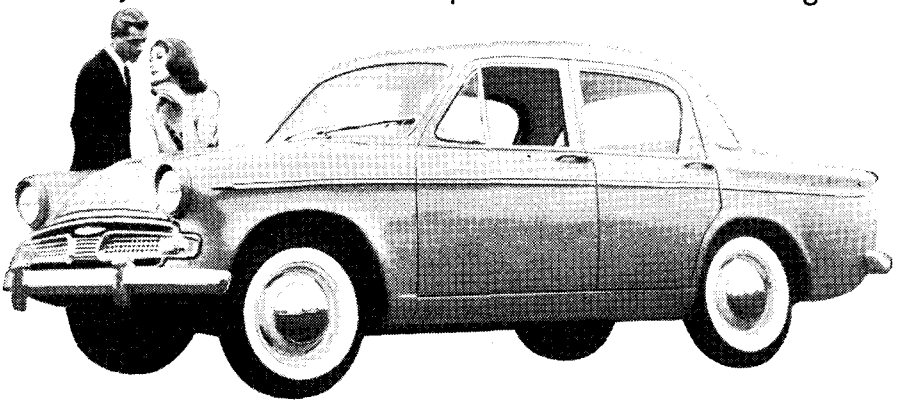

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Page 65

Falcon are quite big cars by European standards. Detroit must make automobiles at least as small as the Volkswagen. Small cars are most comfortable if they are built with flat floors, free of the humped transmission tunnel, and this means either front-wheel drive as in Citroën, SAAB, DKW, or rear-mounted engine as in Volkswagen, Renault, Porsche. Ford will elect front-wheel drive for its small, small car, and later probably for all machines of its manufacture, and it is likely that Chevrolet will extend its use of the rear engine even to its "big" cars.

These decisions accord with historical perspective: most mechanical innovation in automobiles has originated in Europe; most new approaches in production and sales have first appeared in the United States. So far, the foreign producers have not had a real fight. For a long time, Detroit seers considered the imported machine a joke. Later, they conceded that it was really an automobile, but not a very good one. Then they argued that it might be a good automobile, but it was not one that would appeal to sensible, hard-headed Americans. Now they know better, and when they have found the weapon—that is, the automobile of optimum size for the world market—they will lay about them with their bland ferocity and effectiveness. The hushed, low-key tone of European advertising will, one imagines, be an early casualty of the war. The European makers will fight. They have on their side the tradition of origination, flexibility in design, reasonably good workmanship coupled with low wage scales, and a modern plant. The people at FIAT and Volkswagen have little to learn from us of the uses of automation. They too can make a sedan-top in thirty seconds. How they would fare against determined price-cutting we do not know, or against the tariff weapon, always standing ready to hand.

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USA

From "Cicero" to Truman's Sprints

"The United States Secret Service," by Walter S. Bowen and Harry Edward Neal *(Chilton. 205 pp. $4.95), offers a sampling of the intrigues and skulduggery engaging this division of the U. S. Treasury Department. Kurt Singer, a lecturer, is the author of thirty-five books, among them, "World's Best Spy Stories" and "Spy Omnibus."*

By Kurt Singer

THIS short, digested history of the United States Secret Service deals with criminal and political counterfeiters, whisky rings, spies, land frauds, oil scandals, gold thieves, check and bond forgers, as well as with the task of protecting the nation's Presidents.

The book opens with the incredible and fascinating account of Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler's scientific counterfeit scheme which produced millions of faked British banknotes. In order to achieve their ends, the Nazis rounded up the best of the world's international engravers and counterfeiters, saw to their release from Europe's jails, and built a printing mill inside a concentration camp. Stack upon stack of five-, ten-, twenty-, and fifty-pound notes were forged in this wire cage. Its impact nearly ruined Britain's economy. The spy "Cicero" (Eliaza Zazna) alone received 300,000 British pounds in the false currency. Unfortunately, the book tells very little about the catching of the scoundrels, which involved close British-U.S. cooperation; nor are details given of the methods by which both governments scraped up the unspent money inside Germany after VE Day.

One is inclined to feel that the authors have been overly careful to avoid controversy. For instance, no mention is made of the most famous postwar Secret Service case, when the engraving plates were made available by the U. S. Government for printing occupation money for Berlin. These plates were grossly misused by the Soviets. The outcome was an investigation in which J. Edgar Hoover acted as the accuser and pointed toward the late Harry Dexter White, who had embarrassed the Truman Administration.

The farther back the authors go in history, the better their stories. During Lincoln's day, we meet "Mysterious Bob," a Lewis M. Roberts, who was a master counterfeiter. This man served 700 regular customers. Each month he sold approximately 50,000 counterfeit dollars at a considerable discount, netting about $600,000 a year. In 1867 he was sentenced to only five years.

Modern kidnappers seem to lack the imagination of the criminals of 1876. When Ben Boyd had been arrested and sentenced, his cohorts concocted the maggotty idea of blackmailing the U. S. Government to obtain the release of their friend. The ghouls planned to break into Lincoln's tomb, steal his body, and cache it away in the Indiana sandhills. Ransom, they deemed, would consist not only of Boyd's release but a considerable cash payment as well. At the last minute, however, one of the three body-snatchers squealed. The gang was caught red-handed at Lincoln's tomb.

Another equally dramatic chapter is "The Brown Leather Bag." The German agent George Sylvester Viereck had left his briefcase on a crowded New York subway train. The bag contained confidential correspondence which discussed plans for propaganda, sabotage, and Kaiser Wilhelm II's secret service strategy against the USA. These same documents implicated Franz von Papen and Germany's master spy, Franz von Rintelen.

HOWEVER, the remainder of the book is sketchy and weak, with little chronological reasoning. The two authors have access to a world of intriguing material; one wonders what Alexander Woollcott or Eric Ambler could have done with such facts. For instance, in the account of "The Black Hand" of the Mafia, we read only generalities. "Robbing Money Factories" gives no real details about the thefts of Government gold. Either much of the book was cut by the publisher, or the manuscript was not properly expanded for the interested reader.

The chapter "Protecting the Presidents" is frustratingly thin. The two authors, distinguished and high-ranking Secret Service officers, could if they wished, talk for hours about the amusing incidents, the fears, the problems of keeping security around Government officials, both our own and those who visit us. But little is said. No mention is made of Vice President Nixon's em-

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barrassing experiences in South America or the preparations for the Eisenhower tour through the same area. President Eisenhower's protection is covered in seven lines, Sir Winston Churchill's in one sentence. Mr. Khrushchev, our nation's most vulnerable guest, was, for all we know from the book, left totally unguarded.

One anecdote about the problems of protecting Presidents concerns itself with ex-President Harry S. Truman, who posed a constant problem to the Secret Service because of his proclivity for long and arduous, early morning walks. A Secret Service agent had to be a track man in good condition to keep up with him or to watch if he darted out for a luncheon date without announcing where he was going.

It is to be hoped that the authors have a chance to tell in another book more of their stories and experiences. And perhaps someday the present Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, Mr. U. E. Baughman, will also put on paper the missing links for a complete story of the United States Secret Service.

The U. S., a Man-Made Spectacular

"An Epidemic of Genius," by Ira Wolfert *(Simon & Schuster. 336 pp. $4.50), zestfully reports "the daily fact" of modern American technology. Karl Schriftgiesser's latest book is "Business Comes of Age."*

By Karl Schriftgiesser

IRA WOLFERT, whose dispatches from Guadalcanal won him a Pulitzer Prize, tells us that his trade is to report news and "in that line one cannot afford to ignore the hyperboles of life." In his trade it is axiomatic that "the man who shuts off his alarm clock, stretches, yawns and goes to work is not news unless his work is to ride a satellite into space or blow up a hydrogen bomb."

But Mr. Wolfert is also a novelist. Novelists often deal with people who don't ride satellites, whose only significance is their place in the workaday world. Mr. Wolfert wrote about them in "Tucker's People," a good novel about the people of the Great Depression. He wrote about them in "Act of Love," the twice-written war novel that was first published in 1949 and released in a revised form in 1950.

Somewhere along the line Mr. Wolfert grew tired of the hyperboles of life and decided to seek out what he calls "the daily fact." And so—as a reporter for *Reader's Digest*—he went into factories and mines; he watched men build tunnels, bridges, highways, and skyscrapers; he stood by a captain guiding an ocean liner; he stood with the men who drill oil from the bottom of the sea.

In doing all this he fell in love with America as it is today.

> Where [he asks] do men go in the morning when they rush off to work? Why, they go to a wonderland of technology. Nothing is the same any more. There is a new world in The New World. The American who has a job today is not only making money or getting ahead or buying a retirement pension; he is acting in what is, however you want to look at it, statistically, portentously, dramatically, or merely as a sight to behold, the greatest man-made show that has ever been seen on earth—for the time being. . . .
>
> The hardest thing to believe about it all is that it's all true. Nothing has stood still. There is an epidemic of human genius. Perhaps the journeying can be seen so clearly now in one decade by an average man because its speed has increased so prodigiously. But everything in my country is on the road, following the map that came wrapped up in the package.

Ira Wolfert follows this map breathlessly as he dashes up and over and below the land. In Oklahoma he records a human victory over nature as very ordinary men and their women perform a heroic act of love for the land they refused to desert when the duststorms came. His is the other side, the new and good side, of "The Grapes of Wrath."

Mr. Wolfert is in love with new things and the people who invent, design, operate, or repair them. He is also in love with words, which he wraps so thickly around the statistics of economic growth—which in essence is the story he is telling—that the boring facts never obtrude. From his saga of the Dust Bowl he goes down with John L. Lewis's men to mine coal. Then he tells the drama of drilling for oil miles off the nearest spit of land. He crosses the Atlantic on the bridge of the *Ile de France* (and getting her through the harbor fog is a breath-taking experience). Next he goes into a dozen or so factories where miraculous machines

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toss a thousand eggs into the air without breaking any but the bad ones, and other machines perform other modern miracles in the name of automation. He has a rather strange and somewhat misplaced chapter on experiments with animals. He erects a skyscraper (and finances it, too). He builds bridges and digs tunnels, in a chapter where the mysteries of a million blueprints take dramatic shape with his words. And he ends with a philosophical chapter on what we may expect tomorrow.

There is excitement and drama and not a little (perhaps too much) sentimentality in "An Epidemic of Genius." But to one who has seen some, but by no means all, of these human and mechanized sources of economic growth this book captures the turbulence of our mechanistic age with an amazing fidelity. Optimism shines on every page of the book. Let us hope that it is deserved—and that Mr. Wolfert will not have to rewrite "Tucker's People," too.

Front Row Under the Big Top

"The Circus Kings: Our Ringling Family Story," by Henry Ringling North and Alden Hatch *(Doubleday. 383 pp. $4.50), takes one behind the spangles and spotlights of the Greatest Show on Earth. Thomas Duncan, the author of two circus novels, "Ring Horse" and "Gus the Great," reviews it.*

By Thomas Duncan

BEFORE dawn on a May morning in 1870, six boys stood on the river front in McGregor, Iowa, awaiting the arrival of Dan Rice's showboat circus. They were sons of August Ringling, a harness maker. The circus came steaming up the Mississippi, dazzled the boys, and next day moved on. And according to family legend, it was on that May morning when the Ringling brothers decided that some day they would own a circus.

Sixty-six years later, in his ornate palace in Sarasota, Florida, the last Ringling brother died. He was John, a flamboyant, lusty, shrewd, eccentric, plunging, lovable man. "He had $311 in the bank. His estate was officially appraised at $23,500,000."

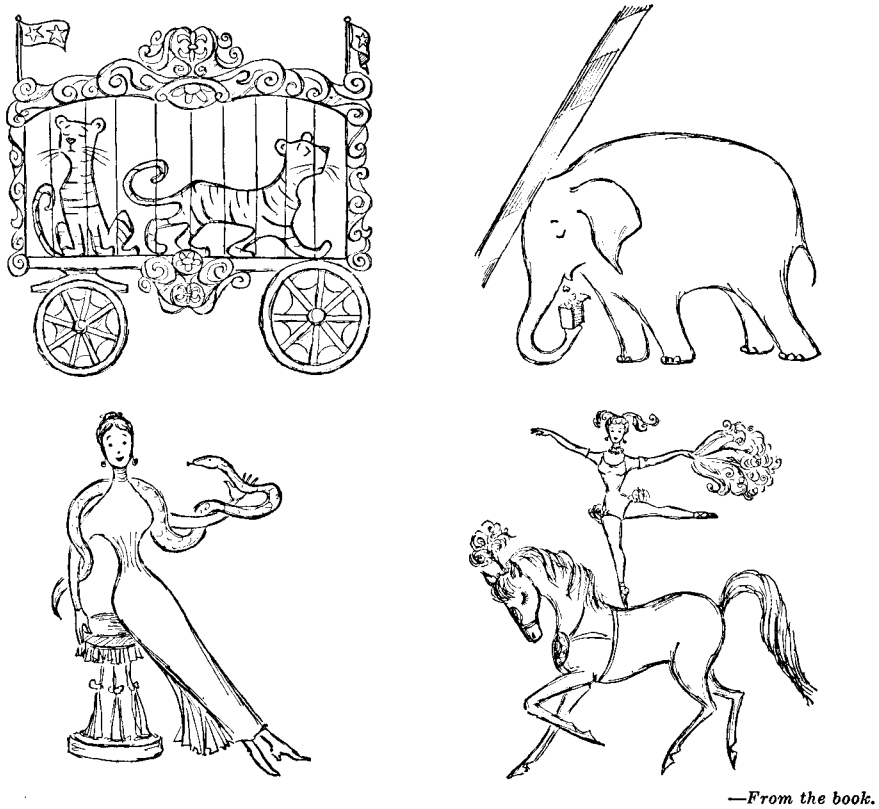
His nephews, John Ringling North and Henry Ringling North, sons of a Ringling sister, determined to wrest the circus from outside control. They did, and operated it successfully. After five years, owing to a decision of other stockholders, they lost control. A few disastrous years later they regained control. And on July 16, 1956, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, victimized by inflation and labor troubles, the circus played its last performance under canvas. But it did not die. It moved indoors and is still going strong.

That is the story Henry Ringling North and Alden Hatch set out to tell, and the result is a treasure-trove of Americana, circusana, laughter, tears, treachery, violence, bitterness, and tenderness, the best circus nonfiction I have ever read with the possible exception of "Center Ring," by Robert Lewis Taylor.

Most circus books have a "gee, whiz!" flavor; most of them gloss over or ignore the faults of the circus and gape at the spangles and spotlights; most of them drip sentimentality. Not this one. "I saw the seamy back side of the carefully smiling face that the circus turned to her public," Mr. North writes. "There is a harsh underworld character to life behind the canvas partitions. It is a world of sudden death and slow disintegration; of rackets and outright crookedness; of tawdry passions and bright knives gleaming in flash fights; of hidden brutality toward dumb animals and callous treatment of human beings . . ." But he adds that the circus "has great attributes as well: deeds of enormous generosity and loyalties beyond the call of duty or even love."

This book does not lend itself easily to pigeonholing. It is many things. First of all, it is the biography—almost the autobiography—of the Ringling show. It is family history, complete with some wonderful quarrels. It is the biography, at least in outline, of John Ringling and of John Ringling North. It is the autobiography of Henry Ringling North. It is social and economic history as well as circus history: the flavor of America before World War I sifts through the lines; the Twenties can be heard roaring, the Thirties fizzling. And its pages are rich with deft character vignettes; never, for instance, has the story of Lillian Leitzel and Alfredo Canoda been so well told.

It is the honesty of this book, I believe, which makes it a landmark in circus literature. Mr. North spares nobody: not himself or his brother or his uncles or his aunts or his cousins; no labor leaders or politicians; not the social order or the circus itself. But it is not a debunking book; it is simply candid. It is never backbiting or acid. Reading it is a refreshing and memorable experience.



—*From the book.*

Behind the smiling face the circus turned to her public, a seamy side.

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In a Child's Garden, Plant Verses

By EVE MERRIAM, *chairman of the Bank Street College Writers' Laboratory for Teachers. Miss Merriam's fifth book of verse will be published by Macmillan this June. She has been a recipient of the Yale Younger Poets Prize and more recently of a CBS grant to write poetic drama for television.*

IT IS difficult for many adults to realize that children are not naturally prejudiced against poetry, since we ourselves have been artificially prejudiced for so long. In a speeded-up, prose age there is time to skim, but not to scan. Then, too, we recall dreary, metronome-nodding teachers who scolded out the beat of a pentameter; we also recall archaisms and obscurities, and will to those dense woods no more. We have become confirmed poetry abstainers.

Yet, as conscientious parents, we feel a bit uneasy, since we believe poetry is morally uplifting. Perhaps a verse a day may keep delinquency away, and so we dutifully read aloud from A. A. Milne or Robert Louis Stevenson: after all, isn't that the gamut? "Now [we settle down with a sigh], you may not like the taste of this at first, darling, but remember, it's good for you. Poetry is going to help ward off all those biff-bang television germs; poetry will exercise your mind, develop your vocabulary, stretch your imagination, and you want to grow up big and strong, don't you, sweetheart?"

No.

And when the child turns away, this only confirms our parental judgment that there is a natural disinclination.

Actually, the child is prejudiced by our prejudices, and wisely decides that poetry taken as intellectual cod liver oil had better be rejected straight off.

But the purpose of poetry is to permit the reader to bounce directly against the universe without any middleman interference. Here is the sensual enjoyment of contact: the poet's *I* reflecting the central emotional experience, with no veiling. Children take to it naturally, for they are poets by birthright. They construct verses themselves: A five-year-old muses, "When I grow up to be a tree, what kind of tree will I be?" (Not if, or wish I might, but when.) An eight-year-old brings home the latest parody: "On top of spaghetti, / All covered with cheese, / I lost my poor meatball, / when somebody sneezed. . ." After bellowing with delight, he frowns. "*Cheese* and *sneezed* don't exactly match, but they're close enough, aren't they?"

Children take poetry seriously, not in a solemn, starched, Sunday dress manner, but seriously as they take their blue-jeaned play. They sense the potency of a meter: how some verses gallop on four-legged beats, while others, more plodding, go—deliberate—so. A rhyme to them has the chiming satisfaction of a bell; alliteration always amuses; some perfectly sober words, just by their sound, strike them as uproarious. (*Encyclopedia*, for instance, and *elementary* were two great guffaw-producers in our house.)

Children work at play, and they are perfectly willing to work at understanding poetry so long as it is presented to them as a treasure to dig and not as Drydust Gulch. For it is pleasure, sheer unmoralizing pleasure, that marks the separation between the world of poetry and the world of prose. The poem takes a keener and more lingering delight in language. A portable orchestra, it carries its own music within itself.

Reading aloud, of course, amplifies both the music and the meaning, as Archibald MacLeish made richly plain when he read from the poetry of Walter de la Mare on a new television series, "Reading Out Loud." It is significant that the series (presented in New York on Channel 13) opened with poetry rather than prose, and this is only one of the encouraging signs that poetry may be returning to the mainstream of children's literature, where it so naturally belongs.

Publishers are providing bright new anthologies and reissuing old favorites. To single out some from the top of the list, "**Poems and Pictures,**" chosen by Kathleen Lines and Norah Montgomerie (Abelard-Schuman, $2.95), is a typographical gem. "**The Children's Bells**" (Walck, $3.50), as lovely as its title, offers a generous selection of poems by Eleanor Farjeon, who includes a marvelous alphabet of magic, stirring songs of kings and heroes, and an almanac of the year—to mention only three sections in this outstandingly fine work. William Cole's new "**Poems of Magic and Spells**" (World, $3.95) strains within its narrow confine of theme, and is less successful than his earlier "**Humorous Poetry for Children**" (World, $3.50), which contains, among other treasures, several of Guy Wetmore Carryl's tongue-twisting adaptations of Mother Goose. (Incidentally, Carryl should be brought back into print in toto; children love the samplings, why not a full meal?)

Recognizing that humor may often be the best introduction of all to poetry, the Looking Glass Library has issued a new edition of Lear's classic "**Nonsense**" ($1.50). "**A Little Laughter,**" compiled by Katherine Love (Crowell, $2.50); "**The Moon Is Shining Bright as Day,**" edited by Ogden Nash (Lippincott, $3.50), and Oscar Williams's "**The Silver Treasury of Light Verse**" (New American Library, 50¢)—a wonderful paperback bargain—all contain wonderfully funny material.

Other paperback bonanzas are Louis Untermeyer's "**Story Poems**" (Pocket Library, 50¢) and Palgrave's "**Golden Treasury**" (Macmillan, $1.95).

De la Mare's "**Come Hither**" (Knopf, $7.50) remains the magnificent giant, and it is good to know that Knopf will soon reissue his "Peacock Pie."

Volumes by younger poets are also on the happy rise; most of them offer moods of both daily and fantastical happenings—which, as the poet knows, are so often one and the same. Don't be put off by the garden-y title of James Reeves's "**The Blackbird in the Lilac**" (Dutton, $2.50): it is sharp and witty. Gwendolyn Brooks's "**Bronzeville Boys and Girls**" (Harper, $2) is another outstanding collection. The highly recommended books by John Ciardi and William Jay Smith have been noted in previous issues of *Saturday Review*; and a roundup of poetry collections can be found in last year's Nov. 7 and Dec. 19 issues. These, and the work of writers like Harry Behn, David McCord, Edward Anthony, Langston Hughes, and others too numerous for listing offer tangible proof that poetry for children is not a thing of duty but a joy for every day's reading and rereading.

—From "Poems and Pictures."

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ENTER IN. *By Laura Lewis. Illustrated by Ernest Crichlow. Pilot Publ. Corp.* 31 *pp.* $2. In this small book of verses about activities that all children love, the illustrator repeats the basic idea of his popular "Two Is a Team." The children of his pictures are both Negro and white, and they are drawn with lively realism and an appealing soft quality. It is all the more a pity that the verses themselves are so stilted, their language so lacking in vitality and texture. Ages 4-8.

NOSES ARE FOR ROSES. *By Phoebe. Illustrated by William A. McCaffery. Whittlesey House.* 32 *pp.* $2.25. This is a jolly book. The pictures are full of children having fun with arms and legs and toes and noses, and the text is a gay reminder of the usefulness of such parts of the body. That the pictures are strikingly reminiscent of Irene Haas's work does not detract a whit from their merriment. Unfortunately, the words not only appear to derive from Ruth Krauss, but suffer in comparison: They are less rhythmic, less inventive, and less conceptually precise (heads are ". . . for gladness, for badness, for sadness . . ." while "hands are . . . for clapping but not for slapping"). Ages 4-8.

ELFRIDA AND THE PIG. *By John Symonds. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Watts.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. An anachronistic, utterly British, and not entirely focussed fantasy about a precocious young lady who rides a pig, dolls who have life, and a mysterious old gentleman. Despite the complexities of its plot, the story, in combination with apt pen drawings, has charm and style and may well be enjoyed by the more sophisticated. Ages 6-10.

EASTER FIRES. *By Wilma Pitchford Hays. Illustrated by Peter Burchard. Coward-McCann.* 62 *pp.* $2.75. Suffering from drought, an Indian tribe plans to sacrifice the hero's sister to the rain god. This is the story of Little Bow's long journey for help, and the eventual conversion of his tribe to Christianity. The thesis that the new religion is more appropriate for the Indians than their ancient one, and the implication that a sudden rainstorm is less fortuitous after than before conversion, may not be acceptable to all children or their parents. But the dignity of the writing, and the evocative pictures of boy and horse against wide landscapes and spacious skies, make this book compelling. Ages 7-11.

—From "People of the World."

TREASURES OF RATTLESNAKE HILL. *By Elizabeth Baker. Illustrated by Robert MacLean. Houghton Mifflin.* 177 *pp.* $2.75. Although an historical mystery provides exciting suspense, the real theme of this story is the pleasure a city girl discovers in a Massachusetts country setting. Like many girls who will read about her, Ann is distressed by the dust and spiderwebs and strange night noises of a country house. But the author writes so convincingly about new friendships, outdoor pleasures, and indoor explorations that her heroine's eventual delight in the once-strange setting is entirely believable. Ages 8-11.

ADVENTURE AT BLACK ROCK CAVE. *By Patricia Lauber. Illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Random House.* 67 *pp.* $1.95. In search of buried pirate treasure on the lonely island, Chris and Addie find themselves face to face with some terrifying, illegal lobster poachers. There is enough suspense, mystery, and action to carry youngsters breathlessly along to the last page of this easy-to-read book. Ages 8-12.

FLAXEN BRAIDS. *By Annette Turngren. Illustrated by Polly Jackson. Prentice-Hall.* 197 *pp.* $2.95. A cheerful view of rural Sweden a century ago, in which a very real little girl treks north with her family, savoring all the details of everyday and festive customs along the route. Family joys and difficulties are described without sentimentality, and the child's enthusiasm illuminates all the events, from enormous clothes-washing to a wedding feast. A happy reissue. Ages 8-12.

THE ISLAND SHEPHERD. *By Yolla Niclas Photographs by the author. Viking.* 91 *pp.* $3. Against the stark background of an island off the coast of Maine, the author tells a charming story of the friendship of a boy, an old man, and a flock of friendly sheep. Beautiful photographs enrich the text. Ages 8-12.

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD. *Vol. I. By Agnes Jackson and others. Walck.* 128 *pp.* $2.50. This small, attractive book describes with fine immediacy the lives of four relatively little-known peoples—the Zulus, the Sherpas of Nepal, the Maoris, and the villagers of the Deccan plateau in India. The reader learns many interesting facts about old ways as well as new, but he is shown little of the fascinating dynamics that link the institutions of a culture together and make strange customs understandable. One wonders if children today

—From "Flaxen Braids."

aren't ready for more insight into the whys and hows of culture patterns and culture change. Ages 8-12.

THE RIVER AT GREEN KNOWE. *By L. M. Boston. Illustrated by Peter Boston. Harcourt, Brace.* 153 *pp* $3. This third book in the Green Knowe series creates an enchanted world lying somewhere in between the worlds of "Mary Poppins" and "The Wind in the Willows." What is the secret of such artistry? Perhaps all one needs to say is that L. M. Boston knows how to write, and that part of her distinction is her totally uncondescending attitude toward children. If the book has any fault, it may lie in the particular admixture of reality and fantasy, or rather in the way the stage is set to introduce it. Sixty-five pages pass before magic begins to transform the very real river world explored by the little English girl, Ida, and the two refugee children, Oskar from Poland and Ping from China. The reader's expectations receive a real jolt at this point.

But a book so bold and loving toward children and so full of the sensuous delights of language makes a rare contribution. Ages 9-12.

THE STORY OF SPIDERS. *By Dorothy Shuttlesworth. Illustrated by Su Zan Noguchi Swain. Garden City.* 55 *pp.* $2.95. A comprehensive and interesting account of many varieties of spiders, their habits, and their place in the life cycle. Index, suggestions for further reading, and excellent drawings supplement the text. Ages 10-14.

Reviewers for this issue (all members of the faculty of Bank Street College) are Joan Winsor Blos, Betty Miles, and Ruth Sonneborn of the Publications Department, its chairman, Irma Black, and Claudia Lewis of the Teacher Education and Research Departments.

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Personal History

Continued from page 26

of this "Fernandel among composers," whose seductive art reminds us that the "potent pleasure-seeking principle has been the root force" of many of the most engaging features of French civilization. Further, the author does not hesitate to note Poulenc's lapses in the serious vein, dismissing the Cello Sonata, for example, as a "work of only passable interest." He admires, but does not claim too much for Poulenc's effective piano writing and sparkling orchestration, his concertos and chamber music.

The weight of evidence lies overwhelmingly in more than 100 songs, a dozen choral works, and three operas, which prove Poulenc to be a master of lyricism and musical prosody.

A perceptive preface by the translator, a comprehensive discography, and a catalogue of works through 1956 round out this vivid and handsomely illustrated miniature.

Criminal Record

THE FRIGHTENED LADIES. *By Ben Benson. Mill-Morrow.* $2.95. Two long-shorts (equaling full-size job) by late writer who won deserved recognition before untimely death in 1959; one tale is laid in Boston area, other in unidentified location. Both have the firm, assured Benson touch.

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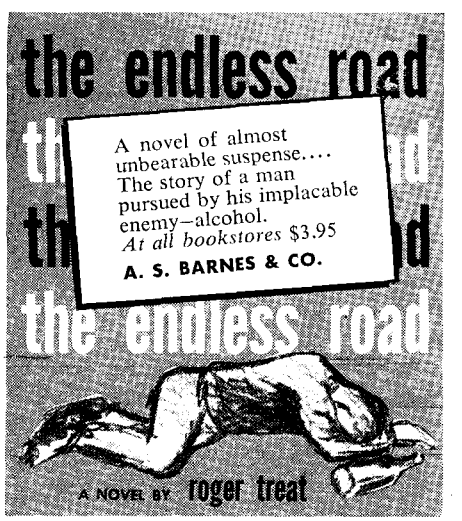
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TV-Candidate

Continued from page 15

who uses television successfully is a medium that combines sight, sound, movement, and immediacy, a medium of unequalled impact. It can present events as they are occurring, or within minutes thereafter. It reaches many millions of people simultaneously, while remaining an intimate, informal medium. It has an unrivaled ability to convey personality. And it has the power to move people to action.

WITH the factor of "television personality" entering into the choice of candidates, the questions arise: Is television creating a new breed of politician—a figure whose main attributes are charm, glamour, and good looks? Is television switching the emphasis from substance to shadow in the appraisal of candidates? Are candidates becoming mere puppets of television professionals?

The answer to these questions is emphatically "No." Looks, charm, and personality have always been political assets—but, curiously enough, less so today than in the days of the torchlight parade and the monster rally.

Why? Because the television camera is merciless and uncanny in the way it can pierce through sham and insincerity. The political pitchman of the past cannot survive the probing camera. There are more than a few figures in recent political history who were quite successful before the unblinking eye of television stripped them bare in front of millions of voters.

A candidate or officeholder can undergo no sterner test of his character and competence than when he appears on "Face the Nation" or "Meet the Press." No amount of charm can save him if he flounders, gropes, or falls back on generality and evasion. He must know what he is talking about, and this holds even if he is delivering a prepared speech, carefully rehearsed.

Thus if a new breed of politician is created by television, it is an improvement over the past. He cannot hide behind showmanship and oratory. He is facing his audience on an infinitely more searching, more intimate basis than ever before. With television bringing living history into virtually every home in the land, the public is becoming more politically sophisticated, more able to appraise the true value of the candidates seeking public support.

Paid political time, wisely used, is considered valuable in seeking public office via television. It would be presumptuous of me to offer advice in this realm. It is not in my province, for instance, to suggest whether a candidate should appear in set speeches, in question-and-answer sessions, in sports-shirted, over-the-fence chats with the electorate, or in carefully produced film biographies. It seems to me that this choice of format for productive use of paid time should be dictated by the personality of the candidate, by the profile of the electorate, and by the nature of the issues at stake. There is no rule which can apply generally, except that there are not many candidates who can hold large audiences for fifteen to thirty minutes of talking head-on into the camera.

Due to the enormous complexities of the paid television performance, may I suggest that an advertising agency staffed with television professionals is an indispensable requirement. It takes years to master the techniques of staging, make-up, production, and timing. The professional advises on the technical aspects of a television appearance. He sees that the candidate is properly made up, well lighted, and at ease before the camera, that the shooting angles are right, and that the cues are clear. But from this point on, the candidate is on his own. No television adviser can make the candidate into anything but what he really is.

The fear has frequently been expressed that the participation of advertising agencies in political campaigning will reduce politics to the level of selling toothpaste. This fear is groundless. The skill of an advertising agency is indispensable in the complexities of buying time that will best meet the candidate's needs, and assures the most efficient expenditure of campaign funds allocated to television. It costs nothing to use an advertising agency; its commission is paid by the media. The planning of an effective campaign of paid time should be left in its care.

TELEVISION achieved a large measure of maturity in just ten years of astonishing growth. It developed its own brand of journalism, its own array of techniques and skills. Growth still lies ahead as both the editorial and technical frontiers are pushed back and as television gains even more freedom to cover all the news. And in this growth lies fresh opportunity for the use of television in our nation's political life.

In an age of growing complexity, television has brought politics back to the face-to-face intimacy of early colonial days, when it was said that "democracy could extend no farther than the sound of a man's voice." It has allowed our citizens to become better informed than ever before on the men and women seeking their votes. Inevitably this must make for better government and for better democracy.

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Rathbone

Continued from page 17

crucial competitive tool. More and more emphasis is being placed on industrial research programs—and with good reasons. Today it is not enough for a company to put out a good line of products at a fair price. To compete successfully, it must demonstrate to investors, employees, and customers its ability to keep up with and contribute to the technological revolution which is accelerating all around us. This means new techniques, new processes, new products—the fruits of industrial research—to capture the imagination and the dollars of the buying public, or to meet the specifications of defense and space exploration projects.

VIEWPOINTS on bigness, as on so many things, depend on the interests of those holding them. An investor may like a big company because it offers stability of return and of investment capital. The consumer will frequently took for the brand name because of the reliability of a large organization behind it. The worker may seek employment with a big organization which can offer good wages, benefits, stability, and better opportunities for promotion. When we come right down to it, size in itself is neither good nor bad; furthermore, as a useful standard in determining public policy with respect to corporate power, "big" is a notably elusive term.

Nevertheless, the notion still persists among some people that large industrial enterprises should be broken up and smaller ones discouraged from expanding.

But if we follow these ideas to their logical conclusions, a number of difficulties become apparent. For example, if a company were broken up because it was the largest in its field, the second biggest would then become first. Should it in turn be fragmented because of its prime size—and so on down the line? Obviously, prime size is no criterion. Then what is? Some have claimed that having a certain share of the market might be the test. But as long as a company has active, successful competition it seems difficult to say the company's share of the total market is "stifling competition."

Disregarding the mammoth problems involved in determining maximum size, let us assume that a corporation has reached such a point, measured against some formula as yet unspecified. Here we encounter further dilemmas. Having reached maximum size, should the corporation be broken up? If so, how big should the pieces be? On the other hand, if the company is not broken up, can we restrict it, stop it from growing, and expect it to continue operating at a fixed level? I wonder how many people would want to work for or invest in a company that was approaching or had reached a point beyond which it could not move. Indeed, I find it hard to imagine such a situation in this country. The mere operation of competition (which those who argue in favor of such procedures maintain they want to foster) must result in some companies getting bigger and some smaller, at various times and in various degrees.

One is led to wonder whether bias against bigness is not more a psychological than an economic manifestation —a question of emotion which economic, social, and philosophical arguments merely bolster. Some of our attitudes toward economic issues seem to be schizophrenic indeed; the same persons who profess to want to promote and protect competition may at the same time deplore its consequences and advocate legislation to restrict and soften it!

I think it is significant that a growing number of economists realize the need for a reconstruction of economic theory (beyond the considerable progress that has already been made) to take bigness into account and yet allow for the fact that not all enterprise is big enterprise, that today small, medium, and large businesses can and do thrive side by side.

APART from the purely economic aspects of bigness, there is a rather exaggerated apprehension of the social and political power supposedly possessed by big companies. A good many people have the feeling that this power is great and is not democratically controlled, that boards of directors are self-perpetuating and the average shareholder's vote actually counts for little or nothing.

As a consequence, proposals may be made for government to take a bigger hand in the work of major companies. Those who want increased government control are possibly unaware of the degree to which business is already subject to detailed government regulation with respect, for example, to prices, trading practices, the raising of new capital, employee relations, and many other aspects of its affairs. So what we are talking about is a question of degree. In such discussion, though, the central fact is that the more we have government control of production, the closer we approach a truly centralized power and authority which has scope to be capricious and arbitrary in a way no private institution, no matter how large, could ever possess. Whether this would really serve the welfare of the individual human beings who constitute our society is open to question.

The presumption of great and unbridled power in boards of directors rests in part, it seems to me, on out-of-date concepts. The day of the tycoon-manager is over; we are in an era of the professional manager. In their evolution, corporations have developed their own internal checks and balances. No one man is truly the "boss." Managements of large companies must harmonize a wide span of obligations: to investors, customers, suppliers, employees, communities, and the national interest. Thus the large organization may actually have a narrower range for its decision-making than the small, closely held corporation which is not so much in the public eye and hence not so exposed to criticism.

AS Harlan Cleveland said in these pages a few months ago, "The result of bigness is actually a diffusion of the decision-making and decision-influencing process far beyond the wildest dreams of those worshipers at the shrine of Louis Brandeis, who wanted to keep power diffused by keeping the units of society small."

None of my observations is meant to suggest that big bigness is the acme of all that is good. Size is no guarantee of efficiency or of virtue. Nor do I intend to imply that big business should be exempted from the processes of government. Certainly any business, big or little, should abide by the established laws of the land and expect to be punished if it disobeys them. But administration of the law should apply equally to all.

I am sure that any thinking about big business based on myth or on conditions that no longer exist, or on actions that spring from insufficient understanding, bias, emotion, or political opportunism, can do immense harm to our country in a time of great global stress, and can adversely affect the fortunes of the average citizen. I believe it is time to develop and teach economic concepts that are more truly in line with the facts of the mid-twentieth century, and to reassess the attitudes we have toward the large productive organizations of our society so that they will be able to contribute still further to the advancement of human well-being.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 12, 19, 15, 14, 13, 6, 11, 18, 20, 17, 8, 1, 5, 9, 10, 4, 16, 3, 2.

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Chase

Continued from page 18

some of the attributes of government. As the U.S. Constitution says nothing about corporations—they were almost unknown in 1789 — legislation about them lacks a firm foundation. In effect, the big company today is operating in a legal vacuum. The managers run it on a timeless basis but do not own it; the stockholders own it but could not run it even if they wanted to. How can the big corporation become legitimate? Nobody knows. The Fund for the Republic has some of the keenest minds in the country working on the problem, but the report is not in.

Meanwhile, Big Business is held in check by Big Government and Big Labor, as in the recent steel strike when the hopes of Mr. Roger Blough were rudely dashed. This phenonenon is what J. K. Galbraith calls "countervailing power"; or it might be called competition at the summit, where if any one of the Big Three power centers grows too strong, the other two combine against it.

Berle sees a further check to corporate power in what he calls "public consensus." Thus, when the quiz show scandals broke last year, the great broadcasting companies were badly frightened, not by any law, or by any other power center, but by public reaction.

2. *Administered prices.* Big companies tend to avoid price competition, as noted earlier. By a businesslike manipulation of the market they retain some 60 per cent of their net profits, on the average, which is enough to finance most of their new capital outlays. They no longer need to go to investment bankers for new funds, as in the days of Morgan. Thus the consumer, says Berle, in America as in Russia, finances capital formation, with no choice in the matter. In Russia the State decides where the capital is to go; in the U.S. corporate managers decide. Both methods have their shortcomings.

3. *Inflation.* Big Business and Big Labor often seem to be playing a merry game of wage-price-wage hikes, which produces constant pressure for creeping inflation. The steel unions have recently, with Mr. Nixon's help, obtained a substantial hourly increase, and we should not be too surprised to see a rise in the price of steel before the year is out. Mr. Blough has said that he will not be too surprised.

4. *Will the pension fund trustees move in?* This is a new caveat, which keeps Mr. Berle awake at night. Fringe benefits for union members, plus opulent pensions for corporation executives, now amount to a total of some $30 billion, growing at an exponential rate. Much of it is invested in common stocks. Not many years hence, the way things are going, pension fund trustees will be in a position to oust the management of various blue-chip concerns and take the corner offices themselves. There is now nothing legally to stop them. I cannot get as worried about this as my friend Berle, but it is certainly a trend to be watched.

To recapitulate the checks on the power of big corporations:

1. The anti-trust law—a withering arm.

2. The Federal government as a sleeping partner, taking half the gross profits.

3. Big Labor.

4. Public consensus. The chairman of the board of a large corporation once assured me that big business had to operate with due regard to its employees, customers, suppliers, stockholders, and the general public. If it failed to do so over the years, "We are," he said with complete sincerity, "through."

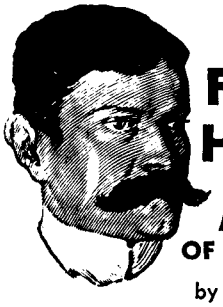
Mr. Rathbone is not only sound on the semantics of bigness; he also offers some good advice for the American economy as it careens into the decade of the Sixties. "I believe," he says, "it is time to develop and teach economic concepts that are more truly in line with the facts of the mid-twentieth century."

Here again cultural lag holds on to old concepts and obscures the facts. When Ricardo and Marx formulated the two great schools of economic theory they were trying to analyze handicraft cultures, tempered by a few wheezy prime movers in the dawn of the Industrial Revolution. The per capita consumption of inanimate energy was pitiful compared with ours today. Corporations were small and the owner ran the shop. Mass production, mass consumption, consumer credit, strong unions, automation, graduated income taxes, still lay in the womb of time.

All the industrial world today, including Russia, is moving toward a mixed economy dominated by the technological imperative, where both the class struggle of the Marxists, and the uninhibited free market of the Ricardians, are meaningless. Only a few hardy souls like Galbraith and Berle are making a serious attempt to understand the new dispensation. A recent book, "The Corporation in Modern Society," edited by Edward S. Mason and published by the Harvard University Press, plows some fresh ground, but by no means covers all the revolutionary implications. The delay by most students in tackling the subject is understandable. A competent description of the workings of the mixed economy would require changing all the textbooks and uprooting the habits of an academic lifetime, in the University of Pennsylvania as well as in the University of Moscow.

The Russians in their dynamic way may awaken to the facts of economic life before we do. This would give them a lot of leverage in the non-military battle for the underdeveloped lands that comprise half the population of the world. We need to take a fresh, hard look at what is going on around here, instead of leaving it all to the Secretary of the Treasury, or to textbooks which may have been sound in 1900.

Mr. Rathbone is worried, and so am I.



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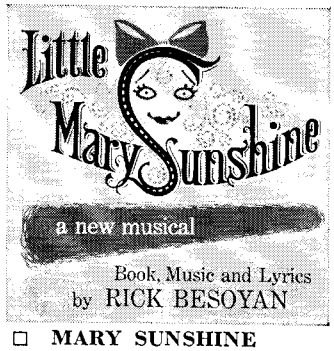

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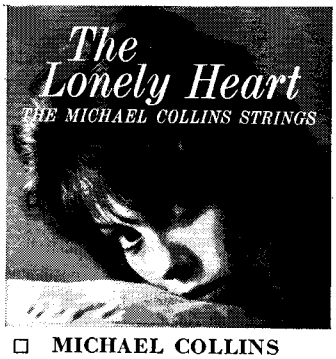

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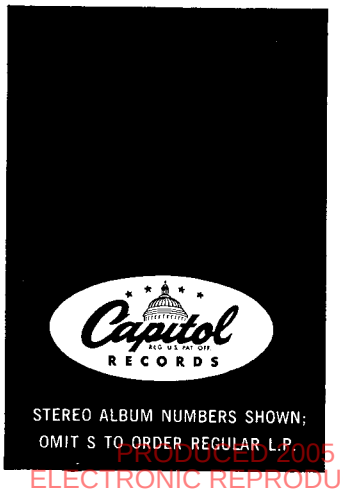

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Music for April 1—Tudor, Tebaldi

IF THE uses of adversity may be sweet, how about coincidence? Of the four possible dates on which reviewers might have heard the recent Philharmonic program in which Leonard Bernstein grouped some mechanistic "music" under the title "The Twentieth Century Search for Style," it just happened that the tickets which admitted them to the Friday matinee bore the inscription: April 1. The traditional significance of the date provided an attitude of amused tolerance for the enactment of Henry Brant's "Antiphony No. 1" (for five ensembles in various parts of the hall), Pierre Boulez's "Improvisation sur Mallarmé," (for soprano and percussion), and the Luening-Ussachevsky "Concerted Piece for Tape Recorder and Orchestra," which might have been absent otherwise.

Bernstein supplemented the printed notes with verbal comments to clarify his equation of new "style" equaling new techniques. What could not fail to cross the mind as the elaborate preparations for the Brant piece produced their ordained results, or as Ussachevsky performed his button-pressing chores at the Ampex, was the depressing lack of ability in their use of the *old* techniques. By reasons of imagination and craftsmanship, Boulez merits a "severance," in the legal sense, from the others. Here the techniques mattered not at all as his use of the voice as a gliding tone amid others produced by vibraphone, chimes, harp and assorted cymbals resulted in a novel though comfortably non-progressive kind of beauty.

Taken altogether, Brant's "Antiphony One" serves better as a conversation piece than a musical one. Onstage, the strings sat with their backs to the audience in order to face Bernstein at stage rear. He, in turn, faced the hall in order to be seen by Stefan Baur-Mengelberg, who was beating time for percussion in a parterre box, Arnold Gamson, who was cuing woodwinds in the dress circle, Seymour Lipkin, in charge of muted brass at one side of the balcony, and Howard Shanet, directing, on the other side, what was described in a delightful "typo" as a French "Morn." Theoretically, each section went its own way, the total consequence being a new kind of "hall music." Actually there was a good deal of repetition as the strings moaned on (in five keys) from beginning to end, the brass brayed, the woodwinds cackled, the percussion clanked, and the "morn" mourned. The total effect was not without humor, though like most impractical jokes it went on too long.

Bernstein's contention that the tape recorder can preserve and reactivate sounds not otherwise available to a composer is unquestionably true: but its use on this occasion in the work contrived by Otto Luening and Vladimir Ussachevsky belonged in the laboratory rather than the concert hall. While the orchestra doodled through a patchwork of contemporary clichés, the recorded noises came and went without achieving any integrated results. When a composer-recordist makes as imaginative a use of tape as Respighi did of a recording in his "Pines of Rome" (the nightingale's song), some purposeful end may be served. As of now, it represents just one more instrument, to be used well or ill.

For their patience in swallowing these spring tonics, Bernstein promised his listeners (before they were even served) an unprogrammed lollypop—Ravel's "La Valse." "If you think this is a sop, or a way of sending you away in a more congenial frame of mind," he said candidly enough, "you are absolutely right." The musical part of the program began with a concertino by "Pergolesi" (Concertino No. 4 in F Minor) or perhaps Carlo Ricciotti, and continued with the B Flat (K. 595) Concerto of Mozart with Mieczyslaw Horszowski as a capable, methodical, and rather impersonal piano soloist. Marni Nixon sang suitably in the Boulez.

There was a touch of nostalgia in the series of three programs of new piano music begun by David Tudor in the Living Theatre earlier in the week. Too big to be called a salon, too small to be termed a recital hall, the Living Theatre is a kind of upstairs cellar which resembles the lofts in which similar enterprises were housed in the Thirties.

Eccentricity has made little progrress in thirty years, to judge from the angry clatter of Kurt Schwertsik's "Klavierstück" or the harsh, clustery sound of two pieces by Gottfried Michael König. Neither had much shock impact, even less musical value. As well as consulting the written page before him, Tudor paid dutiful attention to a stop watch on the music rack by which he "performed" the measured silences. The Swedish Bo Nilsson's "Quantitäten" utilized four speakers through which the sound was projected at the corners of the rectangular room (akin to the Brant scheme noted above, and anticipated long ago by Berlioz's four brass bands in the "Requiem"). A twenty-minute sonata (No. 3) by the Englishman Cornelius Cardew provided a suitable introduction to the following intermission. In the second half, devoted to Sylvano Bussotti, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and Franco Evangelisti, Tudor donned heavy canvas gloves to protect his hands as he thumped, glissed, plucked at the keys and strings. Some eventual damage to the instrument was hardly unexpected. Forceful musicianship and a considerably pianistic resource were expended by Tudor, who takes his work with all seriousness.

AS operagoers, generally, are aware it is not always the unflawed performances that are interesting, nor the interesting performances that are unflawed (or nearly so). The "Tosca" in which Renata Tebaldi appeared for the first time this season in the title role at the Metropolitan, with Barry Morell as Cavaradossi and Herman Uhde as Scarpia, had any number of shortcomings, but it provided in potent measure the qualities of theatre to complement the composer's melodramatic purpose.

This Tosca was well below the best vocal quality heard from Tebaldi in other years, but the bearing and poise of her appearance, the magnetism she conveys by her presence, were, in their way, compensatory. An effective rather than well-sung "Vissi d'arte" received an ear-shattering endorsement from the listeners. Morell's career-graph took an upward bound with a Cavaradossi of youthful conviction, vocal ring, and appealing musicality. His sound, for such a role, is still a size or two small for this theatre, but the sure sense of purpose it conveys is no small asset.

As for Uhde's Scarpia (his first, and the first Germanic one on this stage since Paul Schoeffler's), it lacked only a monocle to provide a perfect likeness of Conrad Veidt. This was, emphatically, a "Herr Baron" with very little of the vocal line or molded sonority in the Italian-schooled voice, plainly at a disadvantage where the score calls for high Es or an F. For all that, it was curiously insinuating, because of Uhde's angular figure and well-controlled movements. Perhaps, after all, Scarpia was from the North of Italy—very far North, about Augsburg. Though Mitropoulos was engaged in a three-way stretch of adjusting the pitch to Tebaldi's little uncertainties, accelerating the orchestra when Morell leap-frogged an entrance or sang a whole note as a half, and suppressing the volume in Uhde's interest, his control of the whole made a consecutive experience of it all.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

JEAN OF THE SINGING RITCHIES

By WALTER STARKIE

TO ONE who for fifty years has been a collector of folk music and folklore in different parts of the world, it is certainly a thrilling experience to discover amidst a pile of miscellaneous new records one devoted to "Carols of all Seasons," sung by Jean Ritchie, America's best-known traditional singer. Not only because of the haunting beauty of her unaffected folk singing, but because we associate with this talented member of the celebrated singing Ritchies of Kentucky many other pioneers through the years who felt the same romance of discovery (harpsichord, Robert Abramson; recorder, LaNoue Davenport; dulcimer, Jean Ritchie, Tradition TLP 1031, $4.98). To hear her merry singing of the children's game-song "Dame get up and bake your pies" was to conjure up the ghost of England's greatest composer of this century, the late Ralph Vaughan Williams, who loved that tune, which is no other than the celebrated Tudor tune of "Greensleeves," the inspiration for one of Henry VIII's tender love poems. On one occasion we showed that tune in its original fast dance tempo to Dr. Vaughan Williams in Ballet's Music Book (of James I's reign) in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Miss Ritchie's singing reminded us that the modern English Renaissance in music started when Cecil Sharp gave to the world a wealth of English songs preserved by oral tradition among the people of the countryside, songs that were all the more valuable because they had not been perverted by the adapters and arrangers trained on major and minor scales, but remained in their pristine modal condition. "Seeds of Love" was the first song he collected from a Somerset country gardener with the significant name of John England.

Cecil Sharp, however, was forced to admit that the twentieth-century collector was 100 years too late, for the English ballad was moribund. But then he visited North America and found a living English ballad tradition in the Appalachians, in the country on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, which is a close parallel to the Spanish ballad tradition in South America and the Levant. Cecil Sharp never tired of describing how his song discoveries increased when he came within the orbit of the singing Ritchies of Kentucky. "I found myself," he said, "for the first time in my life in a community in which singing was as common and almost as universal a practice as speaking. . . . So closely, indeed, is the practice of this particular art interwoven with the ordinary avocations of everyday life that the singers unable to recall a song one had asked for would often make some such remark as, 'Oh, if only I were driving the cows home, I could sing it at once.'"

Jean Ritchie—"unaffected but subtly evocative."

A parallel case is that of the great Spanish scholar and collector of ballads, Ramón Menéndez Pidal, who when on his wedding journey in 1900 heard one day by the river a washerwoman singing a sorrowful ballad which was unfamiliar to him. It proved to be a historical ballad of the fifteenth century, echoing the tribulation caused all over Spain by the death of Prince Juan, the only son of the Catholic monarchs Ferdinand and Isabella; it was unknown to all the collections old or new in Spain. Sir W. P. Ker, the professor of poetry at Oxford, used to say, "I wonder whether that story sounds more like Scott or Cervantes."

Such is the romantic appeal Miss Ritchie produces by her unaffected but subtly evocative singing of the carol "Down in Yon Forest," with its ancient modal melody and its words which seem to be the mysterious echo of the pre-Christian ritual later adapted to the Passion of Christ. In her book "Singing Family of the Cumberlands," Miss Ritchie gives a charming description of how on old Christmas Eve her grandmother in Kentucky used to sing "Brightest and Best," the carol with the old mountain tune, and tell the children that if they went out at midnight they would see the old elderberry bush blooming in the snow, and that if they peeped into the stable and made no noise they would see the cow and the old mule kneeling down, paying honor to the King of Kings. The description and the singing bring to our mind "The Adoration of the Shepherds," one of El Greco's most beautiful paintings. "The Holy Well," with its haunting words, has a traditional English melody, but it reminds us of Irish folk song in its cadence.

Those who are familiar with Cecil Sharp's "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians" will be interested to compare the version which he obtained in North Carolina with the Ritchie family one in Kentucky. "The Holly Bears the Berry," another carol from Kentucky, though it may originally have come from Cornwall, reminds us of our very ancient English song "The Holly and the Ivy."

One of the pleasing features of all this recording is the admirable support given by the harpsichord, the recorder, and the dulcimer. The recorder and harpsichord at the outset in the evocative melody of "The Carnal and the Crane" set the scene for what follows, and at the end round off the program with the seventeenth-century wassail song. We should like to add that the nuance of phrasing and the balance of tone are admirable.

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Bretón and Purcell

TOMAS Bretón y Hernández (1850-1923), most successful as a composer of *zarzuelas* (particularly of the one-act *género chico*, compact of romance, local color, and costume comedy), became, by his pronouncements and practice, a leader of the anti-Italian-opera musicians of Spain. At one time his reputation glided up to nearly Olympian heights in Barcelona and Madrid, but non-Spanish posterity has tended to judge him less excitedly, in part because he is a composer especially difficult to keep alive away from stage presentation, one who almost never sounds his best in concert or in recorded excerpts.

Nonetheless, those who know his works already or are addicts of "Spanish" music in its less blatant incarnations can be delighted by the best of Bretón even in recorded form. And certainly the best of Bretón is compactly presented in stereophonic splendor on London OS 25104 ($5.95), a recording of his enduring *zarzuela* "La Verbena de la Paloma." The performance was conducted with insight and mastery by the late Ataúlfo Argenta and sung in the vein by such veterans of the style as Ana María Iriarte, Ines Rivadeneira, and Manuel Ausensi, with the Coros Cantores de Madrid and a "Gran Orquesta Sinfónica." Even those who may find the deliberately raucous comic singing of Miguel Ligero as Don Hilarión a rasp to the aural nerves can discover pleasure in the excellent performance—by Iriarte and Ausensi—of the duet beginning "Donde vás con mantón de Manila?" Stereophonic effect in depth is employed with amusing realism in the scene of the summoning of the night watchman.

Even Argenta could not rescue from monotony, from a pervasive atmosphere of background music, the purely orchestral pieces by Bretón (again with a "Gran Orquesta Sinfónica") on the stereophonic recording called "Andalusian Scenes" (London CS 6148, $4.98). This contains not only the suite entitled "Escenas Andaluzas" ("Bolero," "Polo Gitano," "Zapateado," and "Marcha y Saeta"), but also the serenade "En la Alhambra," a separate Bolero, and the familiar *jota* from "La Dolores." Cleverly and brightly orchestrated, this miscellany deserves Cecil Gray's comment on Spanish national music in general—that it "has so far produced no Borodin or Moussorgsky, but only three Rimsky-Korsakovs, which is three too many. To English ears," Gray added, "their work all sounds like endless variations on one

(*Continued on page* 59)

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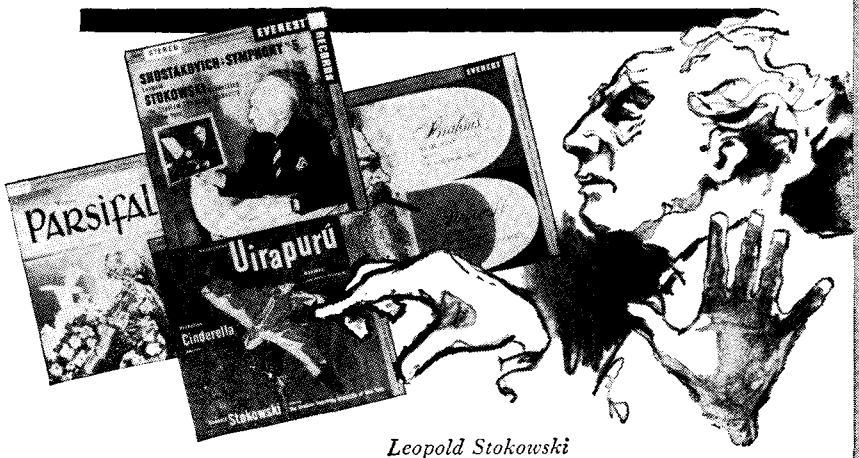

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
"The Ebullient Mr. Gillespie." Verve MG VS 6068, $5.98. "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac"; "Always"; "Willow Weep for Me"; "Ungawa"; "Lorraine"; "Girl of My Dreams"; "Constantinople"; "The Umbrella Man."	There's a cohesive, finished quality to both ensemble and solo work of this newest LP by Dizzy Gillespie and band. Junior Mance plays piano; Leslie Spann, flute and guitar; Sam Jones, bass; Lex Humphries, drums; Francisco "Chino" Pozo, conga drums. In "Swing Low, Sweet Cadillac" and "Umbrella Man," there's a good deal of Mr. G. in a parodic mood — clowning and fun-poking at the standard vocals, seasoned by a general insouciance for either the "standard" spiritual or pop tune. With "Always," "Willow Weep for Me," "Lorraine," and "Girl of My Dreams," Gillespie shows that he can do things that seem miraculously simple and swinging with lyric material. Junior Mance, whose solo LP we liked very much last month, takes over for most of "Willow Weep for Me," and the pleasure is ours. Mr. Gillespie has a pertinent reason: "We'd been doing these numbers in clubs for some time, and we weren't trying for anything way out just because it was a record date. I just don't like this business of going into a studio with all new music. You don't have time to squat on it."
"Giant Steps." John Coltrane with Orchestra. Atlantic Stereo SD 1311, $5.98. "Giant Steps"; "Cousin Mary"; "Countdown"; "Spiral"; "Syeeda's Song Flute"; "Naima"; "Mr. P.C."	John Coltrane's tenor saxophone represents perhaps a penultimate stage of welding technical achievement to musicianly discipline, although his playing here sounds more real than all this would imply. This latest LP exposes him hard at work on the problem of seeking an expressive framework suitable to his technical prowess, and that within the jazz medium. He seems to want to break away from the long marathon of breathing that is characteristic of many tenor saxophone solos, to cut through to a kind of composition that provides him with something to sing. There are moments, especially in the tender "Syeeda's Song Flute," where he touches the goal; and there are the exasperating promenades with versatility (staccato runs at opening of "Countdown") that are simply enervating.
"Bird's Night: A Memorial Concert Dedicated to the Music of Charlie Parker." Savoy MG 12137, $4.98. "Parker's Mood"; "Steeple-Chase"; "Buzzy"; "Scrapple from the Apple."	Music "in the manner of" is a pretty hard request to make of any group of musicians with ideas and techniques of their own; yet this LP does display passages that evoke, although they do not copy literally, Charlie Parker's moods and quixotics. A group of men were let go at the idea in a night club, the Five Spot Café, where they based improvisations on Parker compositions. Parker's competence with three saxophones—baritone, alto, tenor—was split into three personalities, viz.: Cecil Payne, Phil Woods, Frank Socolow. The rhythm section, made up of Duke Jordan, piano, Wendell Marshall, bass, and Art Taylor, drums, established a beat that swings with less amplitude than that now being used by Coltrane. Altogether, a fair sample of a past recaptured.
"Spreadin' Joy: The Music of Sidney Bechet interpreted by the Bob Wilber Quintet/Septet." Classic Jazz CJ 5, $4.98. "Ghost of the Blues"; "When the Sun Sets Down South"; "Polka Dot Stomp"; "Where Am I?"; "Little Creole Lullaby"; "Spreadin' Joy"; "Quincy Street Stomp"; "Georgia Cabin"; "Blackstick"; "Blue Horizon"; "Who'll Chop Your Suey?"	Bechet was primarily a virtuoso musician, both florid and powerful; not much attention has been paid to the fact that he composed as well as played. As with his performances, his writings reflect a joyousness, an ear for the melodic, a good abstracting of the quintessences of the music of his native New Orleans. There is absolutely no need to interpret these compositions as Bechet might have played them; and it is to common sense recognition of this essential premise that the assemblage of Bechet's music in question owes its particular success. Bob Wilber, who is responsible for it, plays thoughtful clarinet, tenor saxophone, bass clarinet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Dick Cary, trumpet.
"Yellow Dog Blues and Other Favorites." Don Ewell Quartet. Audiophile APS 5966, $5.95. "Michigan Water Blues"; "Atlanta Blues"; "Tishomingo Blues"; "Georgia Bo Bo"; "New Orleans Hop Scop Blues"; "Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives to Me"; "Ole Miss"; "Yellow Dog Blues."	A small group dominated by the excellence of its pianist, Don Ewell, sets out here to explore the relatively neglected area of "popular" blues—mainly known as pieces for jazz band—which belong to the Twenties. There is absolutely no striving for anything but the original spirit of these works, and the approach of the quartet is sympathetic if not overwhelming. Ewell's piano, which reflects learned awareness of the classic early styles of piano for small jazz band, is the one notable musical nugget of the recording; the other musicians contribute long, loving solos but never quite achieve the sureness of Ewell's handling of the material.
"Original Soho Skiffle Group." Time Records T/7005, $3.98. "Sam Hall"; "Kevin Barry"; "Charlie Is My Darling"; "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"; "I Know Where I'm Going"; "The Derby Ram"; "Liverpool Blues"; "The Ash Grove"; "She Was Poor But She Was Honest"; "Wild Colonial Boy"; "Spinning Wheel." Others.	Since the British version of "skiffle" music takes off from no known point in the playing of skiffle music as it was heard in Southern towns of the United States in the Twenties and Thirties, it doesn't seem pertinent to dwell on this curious misunderstanding. What they call "skiffle" in Britain relates more to what we call "country" or "blue grass" music here—the band is small, impromptu, and, one gathers from notes to this LP, flexible. This particular one has guitars, a ukulele, and string bass. Its notable feature is a chuffing rhythmic accompaniment to rollicking, enthusiastic vocalizings from various members of the group, either solo or together. All are unidentified.
"Tanganyika Strut." Wilbur Harden Group. Savoy MG 12136, $4.98. "Tanganyika Strut"; "B.J."; "Anedac"; "Once in a While."	As a background for elaboration of musical ideas, the loping rhythmic continuum established by this group holds for a while, then begins to pall. The hard tone exploited by all musicians—Wilbur Harden, fluegelhorn; John Coltrane, tenor saxophone; Curtis Fuller, trombone—is also relentless, and the fluidity that seemed present when some of the same men were working with Coltrane's music and dominant musical personality ("Giant Steps," above) does not seem present here, with compositions by Harden and Fuller. The pressing of the second side was defective and it could not be heard.
"Skin Tight: Profile of a Jazz Drummer." Classic Jazz CJ 7, $4.98. "Pink Ice"; "Cottontail"; "Say What?"; "Like Help!"; "I May Be Wrong"; "I'll Take Romance"; "The Lady Is a Tramp."	The tight-knit fabric of the eight-man orchestra heard on this LP may very well owe much of its aggregate sound to the able, precision-controlled drumming of Jim Chapin, and we suspect this is how it got its name. There is so much interweaving of solos (by men like Urbie Green, Phil Woods, Bob Wilber, and George Dorsey) and the pacing is so fast, it is difficult to pull out anything from the feeling of "orchestra" and name it as individually meritorious. Rather, the ensemble crashes forward, leading into short solos that come in like bursts of fast but not very purposeful meteoric fragments. The effect is of a dazzling exhibition of near-perfect timing, leavened by little else. There's probably enough propulsion in the whole show to get it to the moon. —Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

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Spanish folk song, provided with an elaborate accompaniment of castanets and similar exotic percussion instruments." The best that I can say of this record, unhappily, is that it presents some semi-popular versions of those "endless variations" aptly performed by an expert and excellently preserved in stereophonic sound by other experts.

Both of these Bretón recordings are supplied with texts and descriptions (by whom?) in Spanish and in naïve English mistranslation.

The booklet sent with the stereophonic recording of Purcell's "semi-opera" "King Arthur" (London-L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60008/9, $11.96, also available as monaural OL 50176/7, $9.96) says "complete opera." But the accompanying libretto shows clearly that both the spoken text and some parts of the sung text have been omitted. The result thus compounds the fact that, as J. A. Westrup wrote, "unfortunately the music has not come down to us in a complete or wholly intelligible form," as well as his highly tenable opinion that "a concert performance without the dialogue is ridiculous and meaningless." We had best address ourselves to what is on these two records as though we were listening (we are) to a disjunct collection of excerpts. With spirit and sympathy, Anthony Lewis conducts the St. Anthony Singers, the Orchestra of the Philomusica of London, the continuo played by Thurston Dart, and soloists including Elsie Morison, Heather Harper, the counter tenor John Whitworth, David Galliver, John Cameron, Hervey Alan, and Trevor Anthony.

The choruses are beautifully sung. The soloists vary widely in adaptability to Purcell's difficult vocal lines, very often tending to oratorio-hooting. Purcell's genius occasionally shines forth—notably in the "frost scene" of Act III, in the great fourth-act aria "How happy the lover," and in all that is here of Act V. But the recording again emphasizes Purcell's (and our) tragedy—that he was born into a period that could not supply him with the theatrical form and ambiance so desperately needed by almost every aspect of his talent. Aside from these flashes of pure Purcell, the best thing about this recording is the rich quality of its recorded sound. The informative album note is by Nigel Fortune. —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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Guide to European Music Festivals—1960

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS	INFORMATION & TICKETS
May 1- May 29	Wiesbaden, Germany	International May Festival	OPERA: "Marriage of Figaro"; "Così fan tutte."	State Theatre, Wiesbaden, Tel. 22 421
May 4- June 14	Brussels, Belgium	Queen Elizabeth Music Contest	Prize competition for pianists from all over the world.	Palais des Beaux Arts, 11 Rue Baron Horta, Brussels
May 10- June 30	Florence, Italy	May Music Festival	OPERA: "Eloisa," "Fidelio," "Jenufa," "Italiana in Algeri," "Euridice" (Peri); 3 world premieres—"Una notte in Paradiso," "Il mantello," "La notte del nevrastenico." BALLET: New York City Ballet, Ballet of Théatre de Paris. CONCERTS; DRAMA.	Teatro Communale, 16 Corso Italia, Tel. 296 111
May 12- June 3	Prague, Czechoslovakia	International Music Festival "Prague Spring"	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET. Soloists include Arrau, Kogan, Rostropovitch, Stern.	"Prague Spring," House of Artists, Alesovo Nabrezi 12, Prague 1. Tel. 63 582
May 17- May 31	Copenhagen, Denmark	Royal Danish Ballet and Music Festival	OPERA; SYMPHONY; BALLET: Royal Danish Ballet.	National Travel Assn., 5-7 Banegaardspladsen, Copenhagen
May 18- May 28	Bath, England	Bath Festival	CHAMBER MUSIC Yehudi Menuhin, C. Arrau, N. Boulanger, "Dear Liar," etc.	Festival Office, Abbey Church Yard Tel. Bath 61500
May 20- June 5	Bordeaux, France	Festival of Music	OPERA; CONCERTS: Bordeaux Philharmonic, National Orchestra of Madrid, etc. CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET: New York City Ballet; DRAMA: French National Theatre- Jean Vilar.	Commissariat du Festival, 252 Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8. Tel. WAG 9728
May 24- August 17	Glyndebourne, Great Britain	Glyndebourne Festival Opera	"I Puritani" and "Don Giovanni" (new productions); "Falstaff," "Rosenkavalier," "La Cenerentola," "Zauberflöte."	Glyndebourne Box Office, London; Glyndebourne Opera Box Office, Lewes, Sussex.
May 27- June 12	Bergen, Norway	International Grieg Festival	CONCERTS: Daily recitals at Grieg's home; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Festspillene Børstbygningen, Bergen
May 28- June 26	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival Weeks	OPERA: Staatsoper—"Ring," "Orpheus" (Gluck), "Marriage of Figaro," "Angelina," "Aïda," "Bartered Bride," "Murder in the Cathedral."	Österreichisches Verkehrsbüro, Friedrichst. 7, Vienna. Tel. 572 315
May 28- June 14	Stockholm, Sweden	Stockholm Festival	OPERA: "Aniara," "Un ballo in maschera," "Bohème," "Lohengrin"; CONCERTS; BALLET.	Stockholm Festival, Klara v. Kyrkogata 3A, Stockholm. Tel. 233 070
End of May	Lausanne, Switzerland	International Festival of Lausanne	OPERA: Stuttgart Opera, Belgrade Opera; N.Y. City Ballet.	Lausanne Tourist Office 7 Benjamin-Constant
End of May	Zürich, Switzerland	Zürich June Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; ART EXHIBITS.	Tourist Office, Hauptbahnhof, Postfach Zürich 23
June 7- June 18	Helsinki, Finland	Sibelius Festival	CONCERTS: Sibelius Cycle— 7 symphonies, violin concerto; OPERA; CHAMBER MUSIC.	Sibelius Festival Found. Taivaskalliontie 17, Helsinki.
June 8- July 10	Spoleto, Italy	Festival of Two Worlds	OPERA: "Bohème" (new production); "Prince of Homburg" (Henze); CONCERTS: Missa Solemnis (Cherubini); CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; BALLET.	Festival dei Due Mondi, Spoleto, Italy.
June 9- June 23	Strasbourg, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; ORATORIOS; BALLET. E. Schwarzkopf, I. Stern.	Festival de Strasbourg, 24 Rue de la Mésange, Tel. 324 310
June 11- June 26	Aldeburgh, Great Britain	Festival of Music and the Arts	OPERA; CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; (works of Britten); LECTURES, etc.	Secretary, Festival Office, Aldeburgh, Suffolk.
June 15- July 15	The Hague, Amsterdam, Scheveningen, The Netherlands	Holland Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS: Concertgebouw (Gustav Mahler commemoration); BALLET: New York City; DRAMA: Old Vic of London, Morelli-Stoppa of Rome.	*Amsterdam:* Ellaplein 5, Tel. 723 320; *The Hague:* Tel. 558 700

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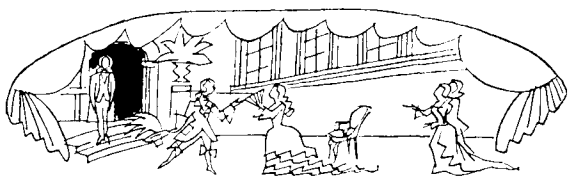
DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS	INFORMATION & TICKETS
June 20- July 2	Granada, Spain	International Festival of Music & Dance	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; SPANISH DANCE.	Direccion Bellas Artes, Alcalà 34, Madrid; Vitoria Alcalà 30, Madrid.
July 10- August 24	Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia	Festival of Music, Drama & Folklore	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; OPERA; BALLET; DRAMA; FOLKLORE.	Dubrovnik Festival, Palmoticeva 2, Dubrovnik, Tel. 23 39
July 9- July 31	Aix-en-Provence, France	International Music Festival	OPERA: "Le médecin malgré lui" (Gounod), "La voix humaine" (Poulenc), "Dido and Aeneas" (Purcell), "Don Giovanni," "Marriage of Figaro"; CONCERTS: Artists include Rubinstein. Souzay, I Musici.	Festival Bureau, 3 Rue Frédéric Mistral, Aix-en-Provence.
July 22- August 20	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	OPERETTA: "Wiener Blut," "Barber of Baghdad"; CONCERTS: Vienna Symphony Orchestra plays Beethoven and Mahler.	Austrian State Tourist Department, 277 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Bregenz Festival office. Tel. 2458
July 23- August 25	Bayreuth, Germany	Richard Wagner Festival	"Meistersinger," "Fliegende Holländer," "Lohengrin," "Ring," "Parsifal."	Ticket Office, Bayreuth 13A, P. O. Box 2-72. Tel. 5722
July 25- August 31	Santander, Spain	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; OPERA; CHAMBER MUSIC; DRAMA; BALLET; "Argenta" prize competition; first international folklore competition.	Direccion de Festival, Plaza de Velarde, P. O. Box 258, Santander. Tel. 22 425
July 26- August 31	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Music Festival	OPERA: "Rosenkavalier," "Così," "Don Carlo," "Don Giovanni," "La finta semplice," "Marriage of Figaro," "Zauberflöte," "Mystère de la Nativité"; DRAMA: "Everyman."	Austrian State Tourist Department, 277 Park Ave., New York. Tel. MU 8-0355
August 1- September 15	Athens, Greece	Athens Festival	CONCERTS; OPERA; BALLET; DRAMA: Classic Greek tragedies.	Festival Bureau, 6 Avenue Venizelos, Athens.
August 1- August 15	Menton, France	International Festival of Chamber Music		Bureau du Festival de Musique de Menton, 45 Rue La Boetie, Paris 8, France.
August 7- September 9	Munich, Germany	Opera Festival	OPERA: "Ariadne auf Naxos," "Arabella," "Rosenkavalier," "Intermezzo," "Capriccio," "Salome"; "Don Giovanni," "Seraglio," "Così," "Figaro"; "Meistersinger," "Fliegende Holländer"; "Falstaff," "Trionfi."	Opera Festival, Bayrische Staatsoper, P. O. Box 1, Munich 1. Tel. 28 721
August 13- September 7	Lucerne, Switzerland	International Festival of Music	CONCERTS: Swiss Festival Orchestra, Philharmonia of England, Lucerne Festival Choir. RECITALS: Anda, Cziffra, Firkusny, Fischer-Dieskau, Fournier, Rubinstein, Stern, Grumiaux, Haskil, Seefried, etc.	Tourist Office, Schweizerhofquai 4, Lucerne, Tel. 25 222
August 21- September 10	Edinburgh, Great Britain	Edinburgh International Festival	OPERA: "I Puritani" and "Falstaff" (by Glyndebourne staff); "La voix humaine"; "Arlecchino" (Busoni); "Secret of Suzanne." CONCERTS: Philharmonia Orchestra, Leningrad Symphony Orchestra, Scottish National Orchestra; Soloists include de los Angeles, Haskil, Myra Hess, Isaac Stern, etc. BALLET; DRAMA; EXHIBITS; FILM FESTIVAL.	Festival Office, 11 Cambridge Str., Edinburgh
September 1- September 11	Besançon, France	International Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; SACRED MUSIC; BALLET. International competition for young conductors.	Chamber of Commerce, 54 Grande Rue, Besançon. Tel. 5462
September 12- September 26	Venice, Italy	International Music Festival	Contemporary music. Five symphonic, three chamber music concerts.	Biennale, Cà Giustinian, Venice.
September 18- October 2	Perugia, Italy	Sagra Musicale Umbra	CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA. Bach, Cherubini, Scarlatti, Chopin.	Sagra Musicale Umbra Teatro Communale, Perugia. Tel. 7124
September 18- October 14	Berlin, Germany	Berlin Festival Weeks	OPERA; CONCERTS; BALLET; DRAMA; ART EXHIBITS.	Berliner Festwochen, Am Hirschsprung 4, Berlin-Dahlem. Tel. 765 745



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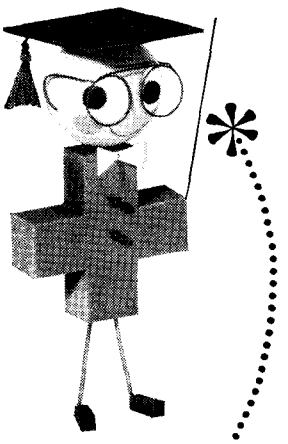

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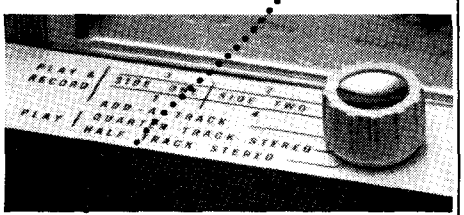

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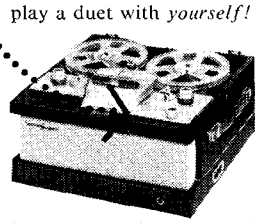

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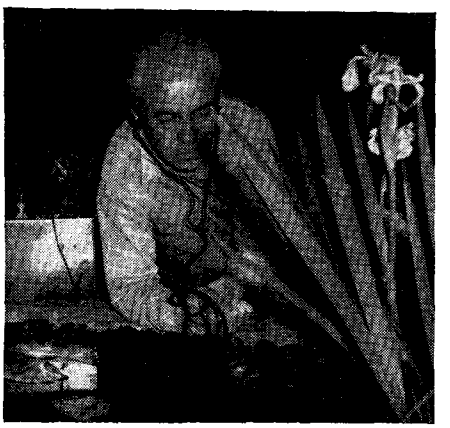
Song Birds with Feathers

IT IS RARE in this day that craftsmanship is publicly applauded, except where craftsmanship is indistinguishable from "ART" in capital letters. Criticism in the press, so far as I know, has been limited to the so-called creative arts. Praise, or blame, is heaped on the heads of directors, actors, writers, composers, musicians, poets—even chefs. Once in a great while an outstanding architect, a furniture designer, or a teacher is singled out for a compliment—or a denunciation. But where has there been printed a critique of the craftsmanship of, say, an excellent shoemaker, an outstanding cabinetmaker, or, to come closer to home, a peerless sound recordist? It is not that, because I am a sound technician myself, I equate the talents of a good cabinetmaker, for instance, with those of any sound recordist. The cabinetmaker, I am sure, knows as much of his craft as I know of mine. Even Chippendale himself, however, was not more of a craftsman in his metier than Dr. Peter Paul Kellogg of Cornell is in his – the ornithological craft, or art, of recording bird songs.

Although the critical fraternity as a whole has not yet recognized Dr. Kellogg's craftsmanship, connoisseurs within the publishing industry have done so. Recognition took the form of a Carey-Thomas Award (honorable mention) to the Houghton Mifflin Company for Roger Tory Peterson's "A Field Guide to Bird Songs," created by Professors Kellogg and Allen of Cornell's Laboratory of Ornithology. The Carey-Thomas Awards perpetuate the memory of two pioneer American publishers, Isaiah Thomas and Mathew Carey, who, in the opinions of some, are patron saints of the American publishing industry. The judging is done by a jury of five nominated by the office of *Publisher's Weekly,* and the



Kellogg—"Chippendale . . . was not more of a craftsman."

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The "Field Guide to Bird Songs" (Houghton Mifflin, $10.00) is the largest collection of bird songs ever published; there are over 300 species represented. The songs fill both sides of two twelve-inch LP records and are arranged, like Peterson's book, according to the evolutionary status (taxonomy) of the birds. A detailed list of the songs recorded, and the places where the recordings were made, is printed on the jackets. The back of the second jacket contains an index. Each song is introduced by Dr. A. A. Allen. He announces only the page number of Peterson's book on which the bird's description may be found, and the name of the bird whose song follows. Each song is the best of those available to the Laboratory of Ornithology, whose library contains over 10,000 bird songs and calls. Many, if not most, of these were recorded on tape by Kellogg; the others by his associates in the laboratory, by graduate students and grantees, and by just plain amateur recordists.

The language of birds was much more easily understood, at least by some favored few, in ancient Greece than it is now. According to mythology, the approved way of learning the language of the birds was to manage to be bitten in infancy by the right kind of serpent. Thereafter, one could converse with birds in the vernacular, regardless of variations from the taxonomical norm. Until recently it was difficult for an amateur to learn what bird was what. Of course one could walk through the woods and fields, or along the shore, try to identify a bird from a photograph or from one of Peterson's outlines, and then hope he would sing long enough for thorough identification. With the "Field Guide to Bird Songs," however, the technique of identification has been changed for the better. Now one plays the record and reads the corresponding section in Peterson's guide until the song and its singer are identified firmly in one's mind. At least, that's how it *should* work.

A few days ago my wife and I were walking along a street in New York on our way to the supermarket. Suddenly one of our winged cousins fluttered down from the nearby El structure, perched on the awning above a store front, and burst into song. Automatically, I identified him. "That's a young —er—whatchamacallit!" I yelled to my wife above the roar of an approaching elevated train. "Oh, no!" she answered learnedly. "It's really a full-grown—er—whatsit!"

I guess we both need more work with "The Field Guide to Bird Songs."

—Joel Tall.

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(Continued from page 65)

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SOUTHERN EUROPE. Forming small group men, women over 35. October. Box L-665.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1360

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

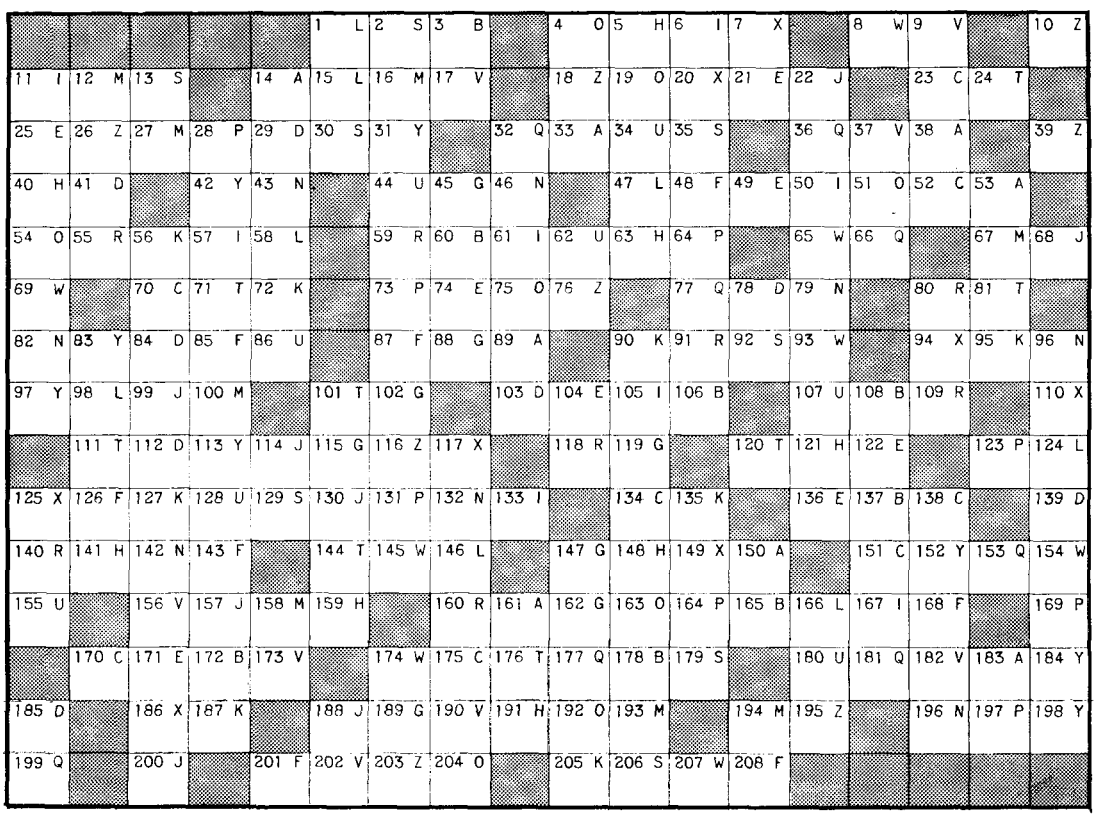
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Name of three Merovingian kings, only the first of whom was effective enough not to be grouped as one of "Les Rois Fainéants."	38 183 53 33 14 89 161 150
B. Possessing a strong and spontaneous, but quiet, flow of good spirits.	60 137 3 172 106 165 108 178
C. Pertaining to the voice or its use.	170 175 134 52 138 70 23 151
D. Scanty in amount.	29 41 139 84 112 103 78 185
E. Failing in its effect; unsuccessful.	74 25 171 49 136 21 104 122
F. Strangle.	87 85 143 48 126 168 201 208
G. Branch of U.S. government whose membership has been limited to 435 (2 wds.).	147 45 115 88 119 189 102 162
H. One-third as tall as Alice's caterpillar (comp.).	40 141 63 121 148 5 191 159
I. Substances which cannot be separated into substances unlike themselves by ordinary means.	57 61 11 6 105 50 133 167
J. Shapeless.	200 130 68 99 114 188 157 22
K. Desist (2 wds.).	205 127 95 56 187 72 90 135
L. Fabled progenitor of a mouse.	47 124 98 146 1 166 15 58

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One legally appointed by another to transact business for him.	12 27 158 194 16 67 100 193
N. Anything capable of causing oblivion of grief or pain.	43 82 96 46 132 79 196 142
O. One of the constituents of dull coal or durain.	163 204 4 192 51 75 19 54
P. A dance, originally competitive.	123 169 64 131 28 197 73 164
Q. Substances which can be smoked (*not in* WNI).	32 177 153 36 77 181 199 66
R. One of an Anabaptist group which became the Mennonites.	59 160 80 55 140 91 118 109
S. *Crataegus coccinea* and its allies (2 wds.).	35 30 179 129 2 206 13 92
T. Floral emblem of Alaska.	144 81 71 111 176 120 101 24
U. Be noticeable.	62 34 86 155 44 180 128 107
V. In most cities, the commercial part, away from the residential neighborhoods.	17 9 182 37 173 202 156 190
W. Spend the summer.	93 174 69 65 207 145 8 154
X. Pieces of 16th-18th-cent. ordnance, bet. the base and the falconet.	94 149 186 110 125 7 117 20
Y. Snowiness.	31 42 198 152 113 83 97 184
Z. They who plot and plan.	39 116 10 76 18 26 195 203

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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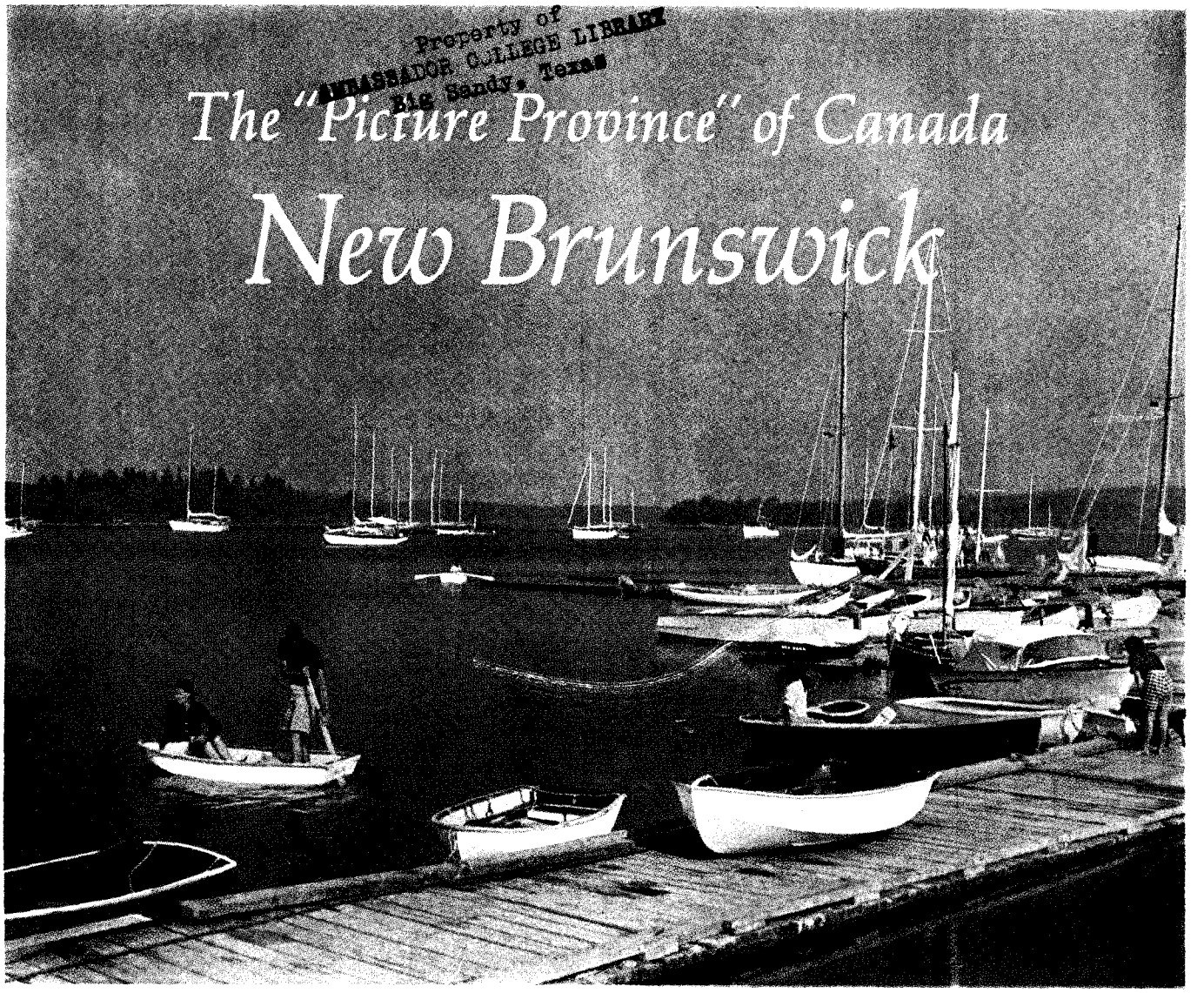

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